

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

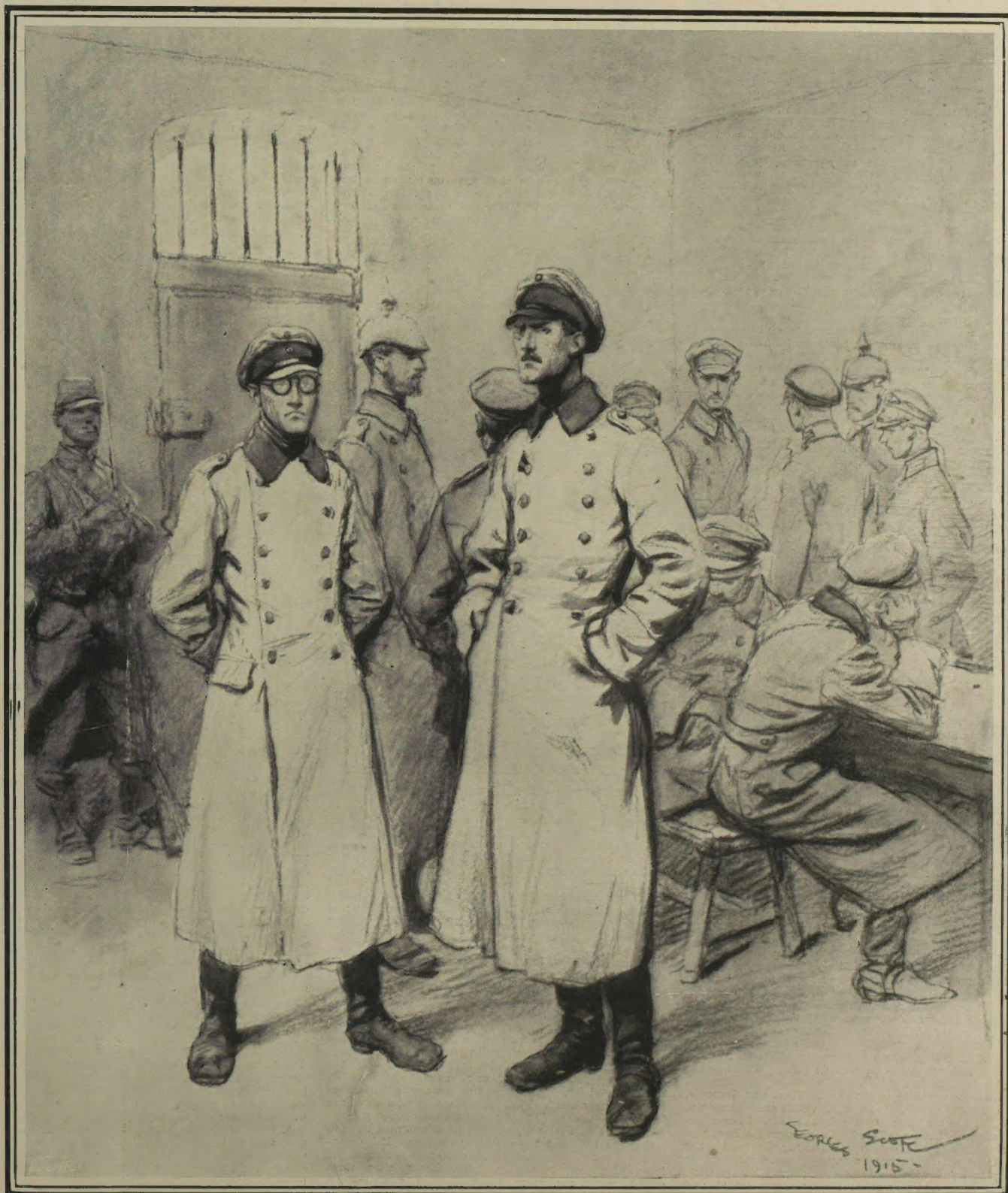
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SIXPENCE.

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ARROGANCE IN BOUNDS: GERMAN OFFICERS AS PRISONERS OF THE FRENCH.

Just now, when the Germans are exulting over their successes in Poland, and laying claim to large captures of Russian prisoners, it is timely to recall the fact that the Allies also could make a good showing in this respect. The Russians alone, it was officially stated, had, as far back as the beginning of April, taken 10,734 officers and 605,378 men. This figure has since been much increased. In addition, great numbers

of Galician prisoners taken by the Russians were released and sent back to their homes. The numbers of prisoners taken by the French and British Armies, and the other Allies, must also make a large total, though the figures do not appear to have been published. They include several thousands captured by the French north of Arras, the 4000-odd who surrendered in German South-West Africa, and many other considerable items.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE BY GEORGES SCOTT.—[COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.]

Scenes of War: On the French Front.

By ARNOLD BENNETT.

A VIEW OF WAR.

WE were met at a *poste de commandement* by the officers in charge, who were waiting for us. And later we found that we were always thus met. The highest officer present—General, Colonel, or Commandant—was at every place at our disposition to explain things—and to explain them with that clarity of which the French alone have the secret, and of which a superlative example exists in the official report of the earlier phases of the war, offered to the Anglo-Saxon public through Reuter. Automobiles and chauffeurs abounded for our small party of four. Never once at any moment of the day, whether driving furiously along somewhat deteriorated roads in the car, or walking about the land, did I lack a Staff officer who produced in me the illusion that he was living solely in order to be of use to me. All details of the excursions were elaborately organised; never once did the organisation break down. No pre-Lusitania American correspondent could have been more spoiled by Germans desperately anxious for his goodwill than I was spoiled by these French who could not gain my goodwill because they had the whole of it already.

After the rites of greeting, we walked up to the high terrace of a considerable chateau close by, and France lay before us in a shimmering vast semicircle. In the distance, a low range of hills, irregularly wooded; then a river; then woods and spinneys; then vineyards—boundless vineyards which climbed in varying slopes out of the valley almost to our feet. Far to the left was a town with lofty factory chimneys, smokeless. Peasant women were stooping in the vineyards; the whole of the earth seemed to be cultivated and to be yielding bounteously. It was a magnificent summer afternoon. The sun was high, and a few huge purple shadows moved with august deliberation across the brilliant greens. An impression of peace, majesty, grandeur; and of the mild, splendid richness of the soil of France.

"You see that white line on the hills opposite," said an officer, opening a large-scale map.

I guessed it was a level road.

"That is the German trenches," said he. "They are five miles away. Their gun-positions are in the woods. Our own trenches are invisible from here."

It constituted a great moment, this first vision of the German trenches. With the thrill came the lancinating thought: "All of France that lies beyond that line, land just like the land on which I am standing, inhabited by people just like the people who are talking to me, is under the insulting tyranny of the invader." And I also thought, as the sense of distance quickened my imagination to realise that these trenches stretched from Ostend to Switzerland, and that the creators of them were prosecuting similar enterprises as far north-east as Riga, and as far south-east as the confines of Roumania: "The brigands are mad, but they are mad in the grand manner."

We were at the front.

We had driven for twenty miles along a very busy road which was closed to civilians, and along which even Staff officers could not travel without murmuring the password to placate the hostile vigilance of sentries. The civil life of the district was in abeyance, proceeding precariously from meal to meal. Aeroplanes woke the sleep. No letter could leave a post-office without a precautionary delay of three days. Telegrams were suspect. To get into a railway station was almost as difficult as to get into paradise. A passport or a safe-conduct was the *sine qua non* of even the restricted liberty which had survived. And yet nowhere did I see a frown nor hear a complaint. Everybody comprehended that the exigencies of the terrific military machine were necessary exigencies. Everybody waited, waited, in confidence and with tranquil smiles.

Also it is misleading to say that civil life was in abeyance. For the elemental basis of its prosperity and its amenities continued just as though the lunatic bullies of Potsdam had never dictated to Vienna the ultimatum for Serbia. The earth was yielding, fabulously. It was yielding up to within a mile and a-half of the German wire entanglements. The peasants would not neglect the earth. Officers remonstrated with them upon their perilous rashness. They replied: "The land must be tilled." Must! When the German artillery begins to fire, the blue-clad women sink out of sight amid the foliage. Half an hour after it has ceased they cautiously emerge, and resume. One peasant put up an umbrella, but he was a man.

We were veritably at the front. There was, however, not a whisper of war, nor anything visible except the thin, pale line like a striation on the distant hills. Then a far-off sound of thunder is heard. It is a gun. A faint puff of smoke is pointed out to us. Neither the rumble nor the transient clouddlet makes any apparent impression on the placid and wide dignity of the scene. Nevertheless, this is war. And war seems a very vague, casual, and negligible thing. We are led about fifty feet to the left, where in a previous phase a shell has indented a huge hole in the earth. The sight of this hole renders war rather less vague and rather less negligible.

"There are eighty thousand men in front of us," says an officer, indicating the benign shimmering, empty, landscape.

"But where?"

"Interred—in the trenches."

It is incredible.

"And the other interred—the dead?" I ask.

"We never speak of them. But we think of them a good deal."

BEHIND THE FIRING LINE.

Still a little closer to war.

The *parc du génie*—engineers' park. We inspected hills of coils of the most formidable barbed wire, far surpassing that of farmers, well contrived to tear to pieces any human being who, having got into its entanglement, should try to get out again. One thought that nothing but steam-chisels would be capable of cutting it. Also stacks of timber for shoring up mines which sappers would dig beneath the enemy trenches. Also sacks to be filled with earth for improvised entrenching. Also the four-pointed contraptions called *chevaux de frise*, which—however you throw them—will always stick a fatal point upwards, to impale the horse or man who cannot or will not look where he is going. Even tarred paper, for keeping the weather out of trenches or anything else. And all these things in unimagined quantities.



A FRENCH COMMANDANT (ON THE LEFT) AND STAFF OFFICERS WHO ACCOMPANIED MR. ARNOLD BENNETT: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN IN A FIRST-LINE TRENCH.

Photo. Service of the French Armies.

Close by, a few German prisoners performing sanitary duties under a guard. They were men in God's image, and they went about on the assumption that all the rest of the war lay before them and that there was a lot of it. A General told us that he had mentioned to them the possibility of an exchange of prisoners, whereupon they had gloomily and pathetically protested. They very sincerely did not want to go back whence they had come, preferring captivity, humiliation, and the basest tasks to a share in the great glory of German arms. To me they had a brutalised air, no doubt one minor consequence of military ambition in high places.

Not many minutes away was a hospital—what the French call an *ambulance de première ligne*, contrived out of a factory. This was the hospital nearest to the trenches in that region, and the wounded came to it direct from the dressing-stations which lie immediately behind the trenches. When a man falls, or men fall, the automobile is telephoned for, and it arrives at the appointed rendezvous generally before the stretcher-bearers, who may have to walk for twenty or thirty minutes over rough ground. A wounded man may be, and has been, operated upon in this hospital within an hour of his wounding. It is organised on a permanent basis, for cases too serious for removal have, of course, to remain there. Nevertheless, these establishments are, as regards their staff, patients, and material, highly mobile. One hospital of two hundred beds was once entirely evacuated within sixty minutes upon a sudden order. We walked through small ward after small ward, store-room after store-room, aseptic operating-room and septic operating-room, all odorous with ether, and saw little but resignation, and not much of that, for patients happened to be few. Yet the worn face of the

doctor in charge showed that vast labours must have been accomplished in those sombre chambers.

In the very large courtyard a tent operating-hospital was established. The white attendants were waiting within in the pallid obscurity, among tables, glass jars, and instruments. The surgeon's wagon, with hot water and sterilising apparatus, was waiting without. The canvas organism was a real hospital, and the point about it was that it could move off complete at twenty-five minutes' notice and set itself up again in any other ordained location in another twenty-five minutes.

Another short ride, and we were in an aviation park, likewise tented, in the midst of an immense wheatfield on the lofty side of a hill. There were six hangars of canvas, each containing an aeroplane and serving as a dormitory; and for each aeroplane a carriage and a motor—for sometimes aeroplanes are wounded and have to travel by road: it takes ninety minutes to dismount an aeroplane. Each corps of an army has one of these *escadrilles* or teams of aeroplanes, and the army as a whole has an extra one, so that, if an army consists of eight corps, it possesses fifty-four aeroplanes. I am speaking now of the particular type of aeroplane employed for regulating artillery fire. It was a young non-commissioned officer with a marked Southern

accent who explained to us the secret nature of things. He was wearing both the Military Medal and the Legion of Honour, for he had done wondrous feats in the way of shooting the occupants of Taubes in mid-air. He got out one of the machines, and exhibited its tricks and its wireless apparatus, and invited us to sit in the seat of the flier. The weather was quite unsuitable for flying, but, setting four men to hold the machine in place, he started the Gnome motor and ran it up to two thousand revolutions a minute, creating a draught which bowed the fluttered wheat for many yards behind and blew hats off. And in the middle of this pother he continued to offer lucid and surprising explanations to deafened ears until his superior officer, excessively smart and looking like a cross between a cavalierman and a yachtsman, arrived on the scene swinging a cane.

It was natural that after this we should visit some auto-cannons expressly constructed for bringing down aeroplanes. In front of these marvels it was suggested to us that we should neither take photographs nor write down exact descriptions. As regards the latter, the Staff Officers had reason to be reassured. No living journalist could have reproduced the scientific account of the sighting arrangements given to us in an esoteric yet quite comprehensible language by the high priest of these guns, who was a middle-aged artillery Captain. It lasted about twenty minutes. It was complete, final, unchallengeable. At intervals the artillery Captain himself admitted that such-and-such a part of the device was *très beau*. It was. There was only one word of which I could not grasp the significance in that connection. It recurred. Several times I determined to ask the Captain what he meant to understand by that word; but I lacked moral courage. I doubt whether in all the lethal apparatus that I saw in France I saw anything quite equal to the demonic ingenuity of these massive guns. The proof of guns is in the shooting. These guns do not merely aim at Taubes; they hit them.

I will not, however, derogate from the importance of the illustrious "seventy-five." We saw one of these on an afternoon of much marching up and down hills and among woods, gazing at horses and hot-water douches, baths, and barbers' shops, and deep dug-outs called "Tipperary," and guns of various calibre, including the "seventy-five." The "seventy-five" is a very sympathetic creature, in blue-grey with metallic glints. He is perfectly easy to see when you approach him from behind, but get twenty yards in front of him and he is absolutely undiscernible. Viewed from the sky, he is part of the forest. Viewed from behind, he is perceived to be in a wooden hut with rafters, in which you can just stand upright. We beheld the working of the gun, by two men, and we beheld the different sorts of shell in their dived compartments. But this was not enough for us. We ventured to suggest that it would be proper to try to kill a few Germans for our amusement. The request was instantly granted.

"Time for 4300 metres," said the Lieutenant quickly and sternly, and a soldier manipulated the obus.

It was done. It was done with disconcerting rapidity. The shell was put into its place. A soldier pulled a string. Bang! A neat, clean, not too loud bang! The messenger had gone invisibly forth. The prettiest part of the affair was the recoil and automatic swinging back of the gun. Let the first shell should have failed in its mission, the Commandant ordered a second one to be sent, and this time the two artillerymen sat in seats attached on either side to the gun itself. The "seventy-five" was enthusiastically praised by every officer present. He is beloved like a favourite sporting dog, and with cause.

IN THE FIRE-TRENCHES.

At the side of the village street there was a bit of sharply sloping ground, with a ladder thrown on it to make descent easier.

"This way," said one of the officers.

We followed him, and in an instant were in the communication trench. The change was magical in its quickness. At one moment we were on the earth; at the next we were in it. The trench was so narrow that I had to hold my stick in front of me, as there was no room to swing the arms; the chalky sides left traces on the elbows. The floor was for the most part quite dry, but at intervals there were muddy pools nearly ankle-deep. The top of the trench was about level with the top of my head, and long grasses or chance cereals, bending down, continually brushed the face. An officer was uplifted for the rest of the day by finding a four-leaved clover at the edge of the trench. The day was warm, and the trench was still warmer. Its direction never ceased to change, generally in curves, but now and then by a sharp corner. We walked what seemed to be an immense distance, and then came out on to a road, which we were instructed to cross two by two, as, like the whole of the region, it was subject to German artillery. Far down this road we could see the outlying village for which we were bound. . . .

A new descent into the earth. We proceed a few yards, and the trench suddenly divides into three. We do not know which to take. An officer following us does not know which to take. The guiding officer is perhaps thirty yards in front! We call. No answer. We climb out of the trench on to the surface desolation; we can see nothing, nothing whatever, but land that is running horribly to waste. Our friends are as invisible as moles. There is not a trace even of their track. This is a fine object-lesson in the efficacy of trenches. At length an officer returns and saves us. We have to take the trench on the extreme right. Much more hot walking, and a complete loss of the notion of direction.

Then we come out on to another portion of the same road at the point where a main line of railway crosses it. We are told to run to shelter. In the near distance a German captive balloon sticks up moveless against the sky. The main line of railway is a sorrowful sight. Its signal-wires hang in festoons. Its rails are rusting. The abandonment of a main line in a civilised country is a thing unknown, a thing contrary to sense, an impossible thing, so that one wonders whether one is not visiting the remains of a civilisation dead and definitely closed. Very strange thoughts pass through the mind. . . . That portion of the main line cannot be used by the Germans because it is within the French positions, and it cannot be used by the French because it is utterly exposed to German artillery. Thus, perhaps ten kilometres of it are left forlorn to illustrate the imbecile brutality of an invasion.

There is a good deal more trench before we reach the village which forms the head of a salient in the French line. This village is knocked all to pieces. It is a fearful spectacle. We see a Teddy-bear left on what remains of a flight of stairs, a bedstead buried to the knobs in debris, skeletons of birds in a cage hanging under an eave. The entire place is in the zone of fire, and it has been tremendously bombarded throughout the war. Nevertheless, some houses still stand, and seventeen civilians—seven men and ten women—insist on remaining there. I talked to one fat old woman, who contended that there was no danger. A few minutes later a shell fell within a hundred yards of her, and it might just as well have fallen on the top of her coiffe, to prove finally to her the noble reasonableness of war and the reality of the German necessity for expansion.

The village church was laid low. In the roof two thin arches of the groining remain, marvellously. One remembers this freak of balance—and a few poor flowers on the altar. Mass is celebrated in that church every Sunday morning. We spoke with the curé, an extremely emaciated priest of middle age; he wore the Legion of Honour. We took to the trenches again, having in the interval been protected by several acres of ruined masonry. About this point geography seemed to end for me. I was in a maze of burrowing, from which the hot sun could be felt but not seen. I saw stencilled signs, such as "*Tranchée de repli*," and signs containing numbers. I saw a sign over a door: "*Guetteur de jour et de nuit*"—watcher by day and by night.

"Anybody in there?"

"Certainly."

The door was opened. In the gloom a pale man stood rather like a ghost, almost as disconcerting as a ghost, watching. He ignored us, and kept on watching.

Then through a hole I had a glimpse of an abandoned road, where no man might live, and beyond it a vast wire entanglement. Then we curved, and I was in an open place, a sort of redoubt contrived out of little homes and cattle-stables. I heard irregular rifle-fire close by, but I could not see who was firing. I was shown the machine-gun chamber, and the blind which hides the aperture for the muzzle was lifted, but only momentarily. I was shown, too, the deep underground refuges to which everybody takes in case of a heavy bombardment. Then we were in the men's quarters, in houses very well protected by advance walls to the north, and at length we saw some groups of men.

"Bon jour, les poilus!"

This from the Commandant himself, with jollity. The Commandant had a wonderful smile, which showed bright teeth, and his gestures were almost as quick as those of his Lieutenant, whom the regiment had christened "The Electric Man."

The soldiers saluted. This salute was so proud, so eager, that it might have brought tears to the eyes. The soldiers stood up very straight, but not at all stiffly. I noticed one man, because I could not notice them all. He threw his head back, and slightly to one side, and his brown beard stuck out. His eyes sparkled. Every muscle was taut. He seemed to be saying, "My Commandant, I know my worth; I am utterly yours—you won't get anything better." A young officer said to me that these men had in them a wild beast and an angel. It was a good saying, and I wished I had thought of it myself. This regiment had been in this village since the autumn. It had declined to be relieved. It seemed absolutely fresh. One hears that individual valour is about the same in all armies—everywhere very high. Events appear to have justified the assertion. German valour is astounding. I have not seen any German regiment, but I do not believe that there are in any German regiment any men equal to these men. After all, ideas must count, and these men know that they are defending an outraged country, while the finest German soldier knows that he is outraging it.

The regiment was relatively very comfortable. It had plenty of room. It had made a little garden, with little terra-cotta statues. It possessed also a gymnasium ground, where we witnessed some excellent high jumping; and—more surprising—a theatre, with stage, dressing-room, and women's costumes.

The summit of our excitement was attained when we were led into the first-line trench.

"Is this really the first-line trench?"

"It is."

Well, the first-line trench, very remarkably swept and dusted and spotless—as were all the trenches beyond the

them from us, but that strip is impassable, save at night, when the Frenchmen often creep up to the German wire. There is a terrible air of permanency about the whole affair. Not only the passage of time produces this effect; the telephone-wire running along miles of communication-trench, the elaborateness of the fighting trenches, the established routine and regularity of existence—all these also contribute to it. But the air of permanency is fallacious. The Germans are in France. Every day of slow preparation brings nearer the day when the Germans will not be in France. That is certain. An immense expectancy hangs over the land, enchanting it.

We leave the first-line trench, with regret. But we have been in it!

In the quarters of the Commandant, a farm-house at the back end of the village, champagne was served, admirable champagne. We stood round a long table, waiting till the dilatory should have arrived. The party had somehow grown. For example, the curé came, amid acclamations. He related how a Lieutenant had accosted him in front of some altar and asked whether he might be allowed to celebrate the Mass. "That depends," said the curé. "You cannot celebrate if you are not a priest. If you are, you can." "I am a priest," said the Lieutenant. And he celebrated the Mass. Also the Intendant came, a grey-haired, dour, kind-faced man. The Intendant has charge of supplies, and he is cherished accordingly. And in addition to the Commandant, and the Electric Man, and our Staff Captains, there were sundry non-commissioned officers, and even private.

We were all equal. The French Army is by far the most democratic institution I have ever seen. On our journeys the Staff Captains and ourselves habitually ate with a sergeant and a corporal. The corporal was the son of a General. The sergeant was a man of business and a writer. His first words when he met me were in English: "Monsieur Bennett, I have read your books." One of our chauffeurs was a well-known printer who employs three hundred and fifty men—when there is peace. The relations between officers and men are simply unique. I never saw a greeting that was not exquisite. The officers were full of knowledge, decision, and appreciative kindness. The men were bursting with eager devotion. This must count, perhaps even more than big guns.

The Commandant, of course, presided at the *vin d'honneur*. His glance and his smile, his latent energy, would have inspired devotion in a wooden block. Every glass touched every glass, an operation which entailed some three-score clinkings. And while we were drinking, one of the Staff Captains—the one whose English was the less perfect of the two—began to tell me of the career of the Commandant, in Algeria and elsewhere. Among other things, he had carried his wounded men on his own shoulders under fire from the field of battle to a place of safety. He was certainly under forty; he might have been under thirty-five.

Said the Staff Captain, innocently translating in his mind from French to English, and speaking with slow caution, as though picking his way among the *chevaux de frise* of the English language: "There are—very beautiful pages—in his—military life." He meant: "Il y a de très belles pages dans sa carrière militaire."

Which is subtly not quite the same thing. As we left the farmhouse to regain the communication trench there was a fierce, loud noise like this: ZZZZ ssss ZZZZ sss ZZZZ. And then an explosion. The observer in the captive balloon had noticed unaccustomed activity in our village, and the consequences were coming. We saw yellow smoke rising just beyond the wall of the farmyard, about two hundred yards away. We received instructions to hurry to the trench. We had not gone fifty yards in the trench when there was another celestial confusion of S's and Z's. Imitating the officers, we bent low in the trench. The explosion followed.

"One, two, three, four, five," said a Captain. "One should not rise till one has counted five, because all the bits have not fallen. If it is a big shell, count ten."

We tiptoed and glanced over the edge of the trench. Yellow smoke was rising at a distance of about three lawn-tennis courts.

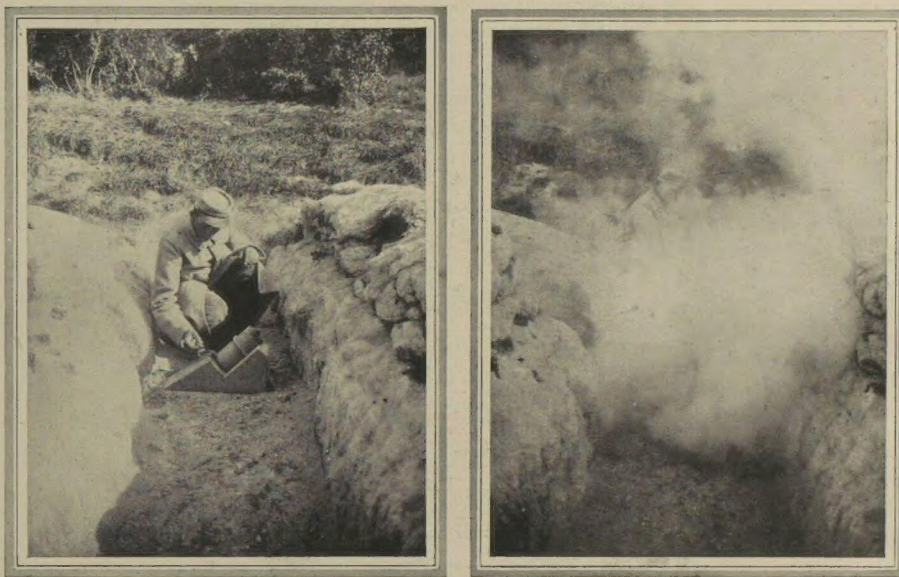
"With some of their big shells," said the Captain, "you can hear nothing until it is too late, for the reason that the shell travels more quickly than the sound of it. The sounds reach your ears in inverse order—if you are alive."

A moment later a third shell dropped in the same plot of ground.

And even a mile and a half off, at the other end of the communication trench, when the automobiles emerged from their shelter into the view of the captive balloon, the officers feared for the automobiles, and we fled very swiftly.

We had been to the very front of the front, and it was the most cheerful, confident, high-spirited place I had seen in France, or in England either.

[This Series will be Continued next week.]



IN THE FRENCH TRENCHES: A SOLDIER IN THE ARGONNE FIRING A BOMB-THROWER AGAINST THE ENEMY'S TRENCHES—THE IGNITION AND ITS EFFECT
Photo, Service of the French Armies.

communication trench—was not much like a trench. It was like a long wooden gallery. Its sides were of wood, its ceiling was of wood, its floor was of wood. The carpentry, though not expert, was quite neat; and we were told that not a single engineer had ever been in the position, which, nevertheless, is reckoned to be one of the most ingenious on the whole front. The gallery is rather dark, because it is lighted only by the loop-holes. These loop-holes are about eight inches square, and more than eight inches deep, because they must, of course, penetrate the outer earthwork. A couple of inches from the bottom a strong wire is fixed across them. At night the soldier puts his gun under this wire, so that he may not fire too high.

The loop-holes are probably less than a yard apart, allowing enough space in front of each for a man to move comfortably. Beneath the loop-holes runs a wooden platform for the men to stand on. Behind the loop-holes, in the ceiling, are large hooks to hang guns on. Many of the loop-holes are labelled with men's names, written in a good engrossing hand; and between the loop-holes, and level with them, are pinned coloured postcards and photographs of women, girls, and children. Tucked conveniently away in zinc cases underground are found zinc receptacles for stores of cartridges, powders to be used against gas, grenades, and matches.

One gazes through a loop-hole. Occasional firing can be heard, but it is not in the immediate vicinity. Indeed, all the men we can see have stepped down from the platform in order to allow us to pass freely along it and inspect. Through the loop-hole can be distinguished a barbed-wire entanglement, then a little waste ground, then more barbed-wire entanglement (German), and then the German trenches, which are less than half a mile away, and which stretch round behind us in a semicircle.

"Do not look too long. They have very good glasses."

The hint is taken. It is singular to reflect that just as we are gazing privily at the Germans, so the Germans are gazing privily at us. A mere strip of level earth separates

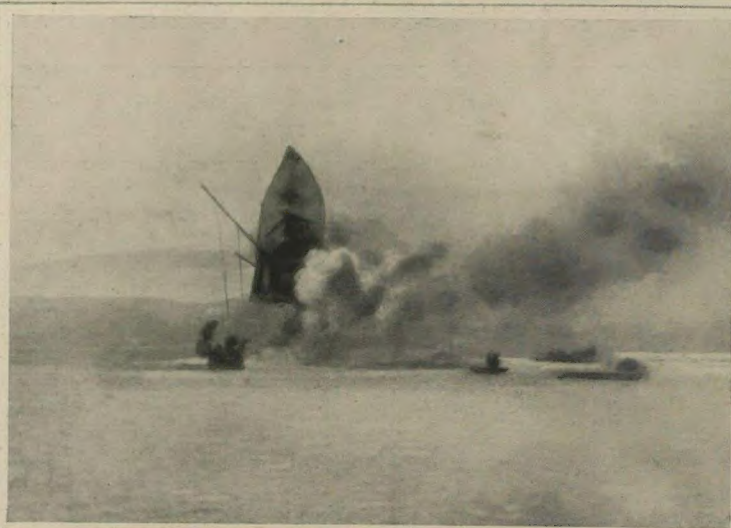
SUNK BY AN ENEMY SUBMARINE'S TORPEDO: A STEAMER GOING DOWN.



IMMEDIATELY AFTER THE TORPEDO STRUCK: THE FRENCH MAIL-STEAMER "CARTHAGE" GOING DOWN STERN FIRST AFTER BEING "SUBMARINED" AT THE DARDANELLES.

THE French mail-steamer "Carthage," serving as a transport with the Dardanelles Expedition, was torpedoed by a German submarine, off Cape Helles, at the entrance to the Dardanelles, in July. It was at half-past one in the afternoon, with the sky clear, the sun shining brilliantly, the sea smooth as glass. The "Carthage" was at anchor near other transports, about seven miles off the coast—at a safe distance, it was considered, from submarine-attack. She had not long arrived with an important freight of munitions, but all had, fortunately, been landed. At the time of the disaster, the vessel was commencing to ship her return lading, and had just received

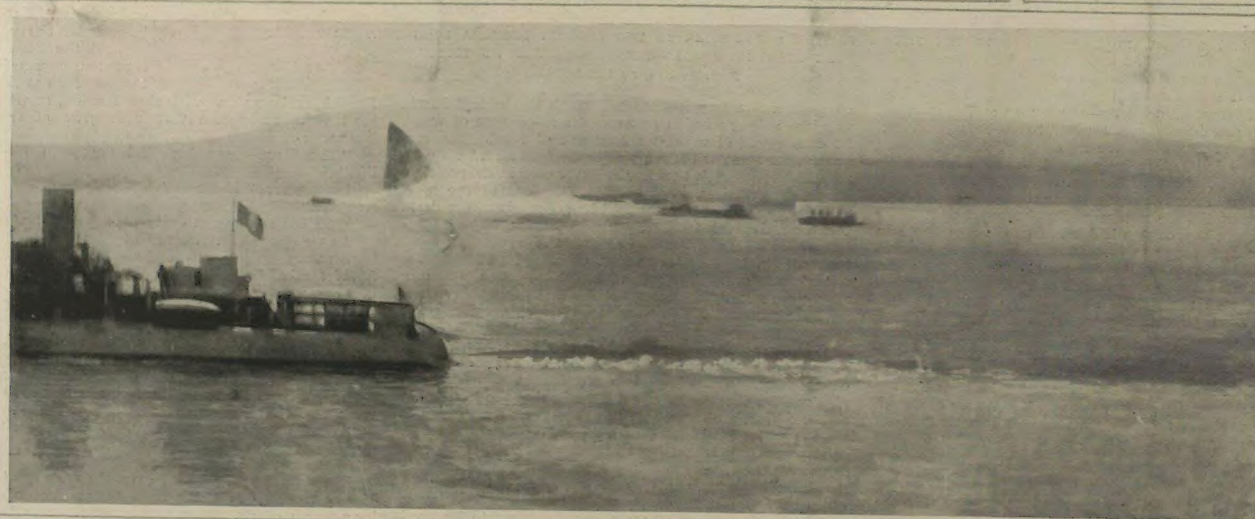
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WITH BOWS NEARLY VERTICAL: THE EXPLOSION OF STEAM AS THE SEA FLOODED THE FURNACES OF THE "CARTHAGE."

the wounded General Goursaud's horses and camp equipment; but nothing more. The officer of the watch in the French hospital-ship "Bretagne," moored 350 yards from the "Carthage," gave the alarm, sighting the track in the water in wake of the torpedo. "Commander! A submarine is attacking the 'Carthage!'" he shouted to the senior officer. The next instant, he called out: "The 'Carthage' is done for." As he spoke, there was a tremendous explosion alongside the "Carthage." Our photographs were taken at that moment and immediately afterwards. A vast column of water spouted up as high as the masts and poured in cascades over the decks. The stern of

(Continued below.)



THE LAST OF THE SHIP: THE BOWS SUBMERGING AND A DESTROYER OFF TO CHASE THE ENEMY SUBMARINE—A FEW SECONDS BEFORE THE "CARTHAGE" DISAPPEARED.

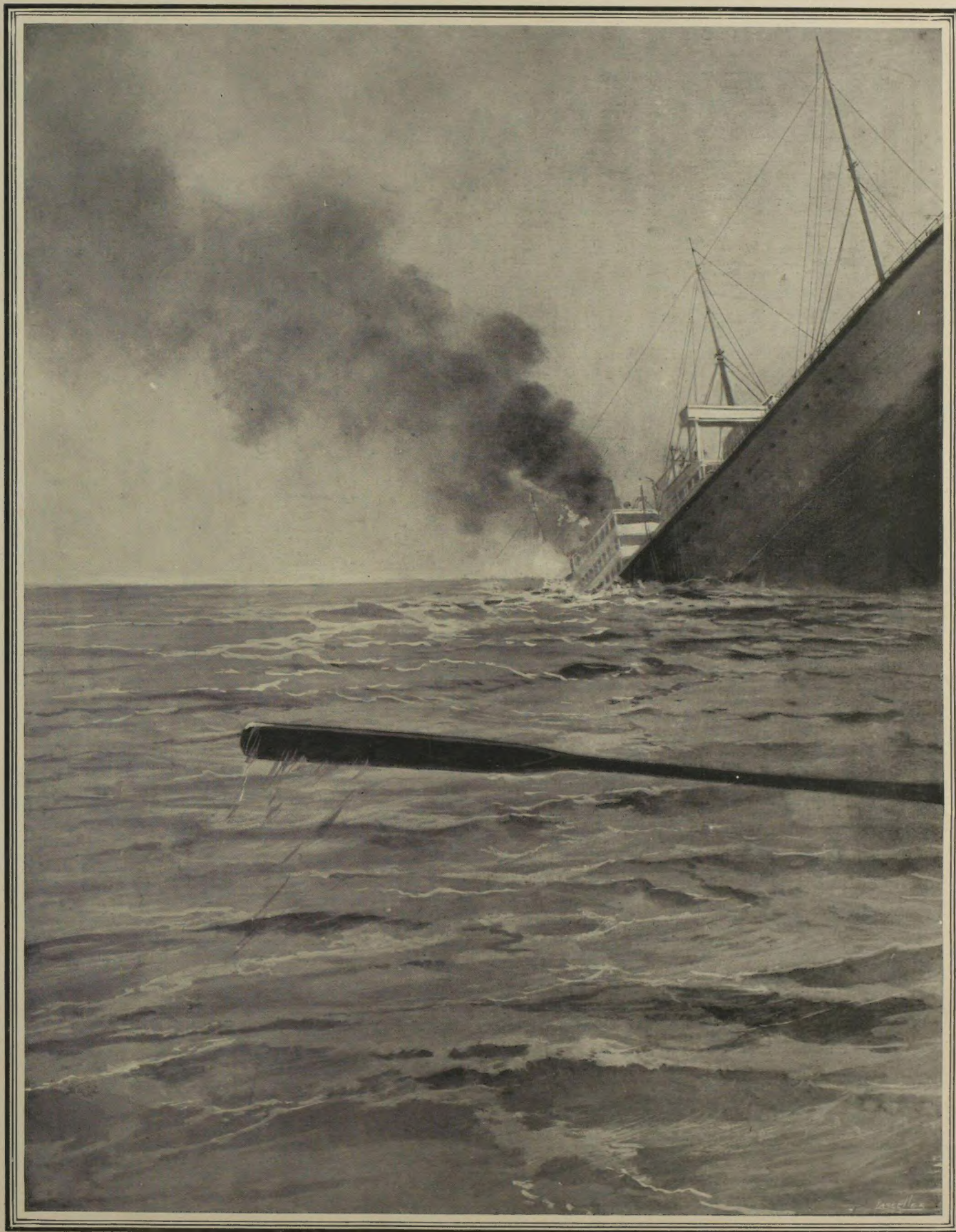
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the ship quickly disappeared, "dipping under with incredible rapidity," as the eye-witness in the "Bretagne" describes: "The bows rose steeply out of the sea. The after-funnels at once began belching out dense volumes of black smoke just before it went under. Then the hull assumed a nearly vertical position, the bows pointing to the sky. As the ship was 500 feet long, and the depth of the sea less, the stern touched bottom while the bows were still visible. There was a heavy explosion of steam as the inrush

of the sea reached the furnaces, and the bows settled down, and all was gone. By good fortune, lighters were close by, and all the crew except six were rescued. The commander, who remained on the bridge to the last, was saved by a sailor roughly seizing him and flinging him overboard, to be quickly picked up. No trace of the German submarine was discoverable by chasing vessels, and it was believed that she fouled some obstruction and sank.

THE "ARABIC" GOING DOWN: A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH.

AFTER A PHOTOGRAPH BY A PASSENGER OF THE "ARABIC." COPYRIGHTED IN THE UNITED STATES AND CANADA.



THE "ARABIC'S" LAST MOMENT ABOVE WATER: A PHOTOGRAPH TAKEN FROM ONE OF THE LINER'S BOATS WHILE PULLING TO CLEAR THE VORTEX OF THE SINKING SHIP.

The "Arabic," which sailed from Liverpool on the afternoon of August 18, was torpedoed by a German submarine between eight and nine o'clock on the following morning and was sunk. The enemy gave no warning; and the liner went down in ten minutes. The torpedo struck the vessel on the starboard side at about 100 feet from the stern. Of 181 passengers on board it is officially stated that 18 are missing, in addition to 21 members of the crew of 248. The ship was going 16½ knots at the time in fine weather, with boats ready and slung along the sides in case of emergency. A sharp

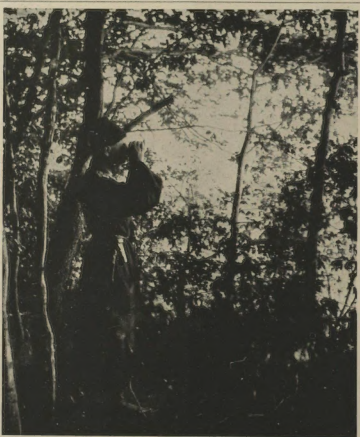
look-out was kept, and after the explosion of the torpedo perfect discipline was preserved. Captain Finch, whose cool and steady seamanship and calm heroism throughout were magnificent, remained in charge on the bridge and went down with the ship. Fortunately, he came again to the surface and was rescued twenty minutes later by one of the boats. Our illustration, from a photograph taken by one of the passengers who was saved in one of the ship's boats, showing, as it does, the vessel at the actual moment of her going under stern first, constitutes in itself a marvellous record of the disaster.

A HEROIC ARMY THAT IS DEFENDING ITS POSITIONS "STEP BY STEP": RUSSIAN TROOPS, IN ACTION AND OFF DUTY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CHURCHY-KORSAKOV AND ILLUSTRATIONS BY BUREAU.



THE CAPTIVE OF AN INTERESTED GROUP AND EVIDENTLY WELL TREATED:
A GERMAN PRISONER AMONG HIS KINDLY RUSSIAN CAPTORS



TAKING AN OBSERVATION OF THE ENEMY'S MOVEMENTS: A COSSACK OFFICER
CARRYING OUT A PERSONAL RECONNAISSANCE



AN ARM OF THE RUSSIAN FORCES THAT IS CELEBRATED
A BODY OF RUSSIAN CAVALRY MAKING A CHARGE
THROUGHOUT THE WORLD FOR ITS VALOUR AND IMPETUOSITY.



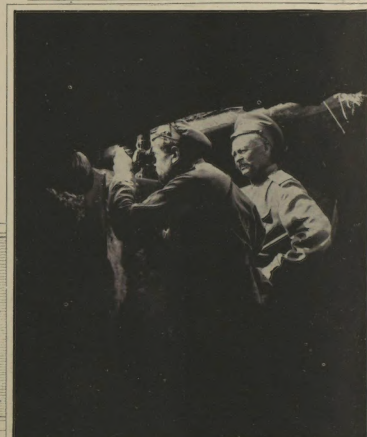
WITH BARE FEET AND GARMENTS SPREAD OUT TO DRY: SOME OF RUSSIA'S SPLENDID FIGHTING
MEN RESTING DURING A WAYSIDE HALT.



AN EXAMPLE OF THE RELIGIOUS FAITH THAT
CONDUCTING A SERVICE
ANIMATES THE RUSSIAN ARMY: A PRIEST
NEAR THE FIRING-LINE.



EVIDENCE OF THE ENEMY'S ARTILLERY POWER, WHICH THE RUSSIAN
SO STUBBORNLY WITHSTAND: A SHELL-CRATER



SOME OF THE MEN WHO "CONTINUE TO DEFEND THEIR POSITIONS STEP BY STEP":
OBSERVATION-OFFICERS AT WORK IN A RUSSIAN TRENCH.

Whatever temporary successes the Germans have obtained, through their great strength in artillery, all accounts of the fighting in Poland agree that the Russian troops have put up a magnificent resistance and that the spirit of the Army is unbroken. Even the enemy's reports have paid tribute to their valor again and again. For example, an Austrian official report of August 23 said: "The enemy is most stubbornly defending every inch of the ground." The Russian naval victory in the Gulf of Riga has no doubt increased the Army's faith in ultimate victory, and later news of the fighting on land has been more encouraging. The official communique issued in Petrograd on August 23 said: "On land, in the Riga

district, in the direction of Jacobstadt and Drinsk, towards the west the situation is unchanged. On the Svents as well as between the Vilsa and the Neman on August 21 and 22 our troops held up the enemy's advance on the front Karak-Kochedary-Draznitschik. Further south some of our units passed from the left bank of the Niemna to the right. On the front between the Bole and the region of Brest we continue to defend our positions step by step. On the right of the Bug, east of Vlodava, the enemy attacks in force continued in the region of the lakes near Palsk. On the evening of August 22 the enemy made an attempt to assume the offensive in the direction of Kovel. In Galicia there is no change."

A YEAR AFTER: BELGIANS AND GERMANS AND THE HAELEN FIGHT.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY VEREENIGDE FOTOBUREAUX.



BELGIUM COMMEMORATING THE HAELEN BATTLE ANNIVERSARY: BELGIANS GOING TO MOURN THEIR FALLEN SOLDIERS.



GERMANS COMMEMORATING THE HAELEN BATTLE ANNIVERSARY: A MILITARY MEMORIAL SERVICE IN THE MARKET PLACE, BEFORE WAR-WRECKED BUILDINGS.

On August 12, 1914, at Haelen, a small village some two miles from the town of Diest in Belgium, some 10,000 Belgian troops, cavalry and infantry, with machine-guns, barricaded the bridges over the River Dyle in the neighbourhood, and were attacked by a German force of about the same numbers. The enemy tried to storm the bridges, but were repulsed, and, in the end, a flank charge of the Belgian cavalry routed them. A

second German attempt that afternoon lasted four hours, and was similarly defeated. Five days later the Germans entered Haelen. On August 12, 1915, both the Belgian inhabitants of Haelen and the local German garrison held anniversary memorial services. The Belgians proceeded to the graves of their dead to mourn there. The Germans held a military service, with music, in the market-place. General von Bissing visited German graves.

THE ROYAL "CAPTOR" OF WARSAW: PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



GIVEN THE POST OF HONOUR AT THE OCCUPATION: PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA ALIGHTING FROM HIS CAR IN CAPTURED WARSAW.



THE ROYAL GENERAL WHOSE ARMY WAS FIRST TO ENTER THE POLISH CAPITAL: PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA IN WARSAW.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria, who is sixty-nine, was born at Munich in 1846. He is a brother of the King of Bavaria, and son-in-law of the Emperor Francis Joseph of Austria through his marriage with the Archduchess Gisella, the Emperor's eldest daughter. Their wedding took place at Vienna on April 20, 1873. Prince Leopold is an uncle of the Crown Prince Rupprecht of Bavaria, who is in command of troops on the Western front,

and against whom very ugly charges were made at one time regarding his treatment of British prisoners. Before the fall of Warsaw, Prince Leopold had not been much heard of as taking a prominent part in the war, or as being in command of an army against the Russians. He holds the rank of Field-Marshal in the Bavarian Army, and is Honorary Colonel of various regiments, Bavarian, Austrian, and Prussian.

THE FALL OF WARSAW: FINAL SCENES IN THE RUSSIAN EVACUATION OF THE POLISH CAPITAL.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ILLUSTRATIONS BUREAU.



CARRYING OUT ONE OF THE MOST DIFFICULT AND TRYING OF MILITARY OPERATIONS: RUSSIAN ARTILLERY ON THE ROAD DURING THE RETREAT FROM WARSAW, WHICH WAS ACCOMPLISHED IN GOOD ORDER.



THE INDOMITABLE RUSSIAN SOLDIER, WHOSE SPIRIT IS NEVER BROKEN BY REVERSES: TROOPS LEAVING THE LAST TRENCH BEFORE WARSAW DURING THE REAR-GUARD ACTION.



WOMEN HELPING TO DIG THE LAST TRENCH FOR THE DEFENCE OF WARSAW: INHABITANTS OF THE CITY AND NEIGHBOURING DISTRICTS ASSISTING THE SOLDIERS.



THE GREAT EXODUS OF THE PEASANTRY FROM THE WARSAW SIDE OF THE VISTULA: REFUGEES IN FLIGHT BEFORE THE APPROACHING GERMAN HORDES—SOME LOOKING CHEERFUL AND EVEN SMILING IN THEIR MISFORTUNES.

In an official *communiqué* issued by the Russian General Staff on August 6 it was stated: "In view of the conditions of the general situation our troops west of Warsaw received orders to fall back to the right of the Vistula. According to reports received, this order was carried out, and the troops which were covering Warsaw retired at five o'clock on the morning of August 5, without being attacked by the enemy, towards the new front assigned to them." The civil evacuation of the city and the surrounding districts had been proceeding for some weeks previously. The Russian authorities in Warsaw announced on July 15 that it would begin on the following Sunday, the 18th; but in point of fact it began immediately. Some 350,000 of the inhabitants of the city, including almost half of the Ghetto, left for eastern destinations. At the same time nearly an equal number of peasant refugees came flocking into Warsaw from the districts on the left bank of the Vistula, in order to cross the bridges to the Praga side and thence travel further eastward. The roads during the latter

half of July and the first few days of August were thronged with an endless procession of peasants, with their carts and their cattle, bringing with them all their goods that they could carry away, and travelling, weary and dust-stained, day and night. The stolid patience of the Russian peasantry is well shown in our photograph illustrating a section of this great exodus, for nearly all the faces seen in it look resigned and placid, and not a few are even smiling, in spite of the fact that they were going whither they knew not, and that their homes had been either destroyed by bombardment or left to the tender mercies of German military occupation. In Warsaw itself the stream of refugees and country carts mingled with other vehicles taking away the city archives or treasures of religion and art. At the same time, Warsaw was stripped by the Russian troops of metal and machinery and anything else likely to be of military value to the enemy.

A USELESS LEAF FROM NAPOLEON'S BOOK: GERMAN POMP IN WARSAW.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



HEADED BY A "JINGLING JOHNNIE"! THE GERMAN REGIMENTS PLAYED INTO WARSAW.



AFTER THE METHODS OF A PRUSSIAN GARRISON TOWN: A GERMAN REGIMENTAL BAND PERFORMING BEFORE AN OFFICERS' HOTEL IN WARSAW.

Prince Leopold of Bavaria and his army entered Warsaw on August 5, with drummings and trumpeting akin to those of the parade-display von Besseler's army made when, just a twelvemonth ago, it pompously marched into Brussels. That is the German way with captured enemy cities, and a similar "show," it will be remembered, was to have taken place last September in Nancy, the capital of Lorraine, with the Kaiser in gala-day attire at the head of the procession, with his Life Guards round him—had not defeat, instead of fully anticipated victory, been the fate of the day for Germany! "Show-off" of that sort is one of the useless leaves the Kaiser has taken from Napoleon's book:

the making of state entries in enemies' capitals was a weakness of Napoleon's, and on all campaigns his Old Guard carried with their kit full-dress uniforms for the purpose. In the upper of the two illustrations on this page, marching beside the bandmaster may be seen a musician bearing one of the brass-mounted "Jingling Johnnies," which, until the Crimean War period, used to be a feature of our own Guards' bands. A Turkish invention, with horse-tails attached to the cross-piece and crescent-shaped bits of tinkling brass attached to the centre pole, they were introduced by Frederick the Great into the Prussian Army bands, and we took the idea from the Prussians after Waterloo.

"LAST DYNAMITINGS" AT WARSAW: A GREAT BRIDGE DESTROYED.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS.



AN ACT OF MILITARY EXCESSITY IN THE EVACUATION OF WARSAW: ONE OF THE BRIDGES OVER THE VISTULA BLOWN UP BY THE RUSSIANS IN THEIR RETREAT.



AFTER IT HAD BEEN BLOWN UP BY THE RUSSIANS TO DELAY THE GERMAN ADVANCE: ANOTHER VIEW OF THE DESTROYED BRIDGE BETWEEN WARSAW AND PRAGA.

The Russian official *communiqué* of August 6 which explained the evacuation of Warsaw and the retirement of the troops to a new line, added: "They blew up behind them all the bridges of the Vistula." A German description of the event which appeared in the "Cologne Gazette" said: "As they retired through the town to the east bank of the Vistula, where they were supported once more by the fortifications of the Praga suburb, the Russians blew up all the big Vistula bridges." For several weeks before the fall of Warsaw the Vistula bridges were thronged with fugitives. "Endless columns of

laden carts and lorries," wrote Mr. Bassett Rigby, an American correspondent, shortly before the final scene, "converged on the Praga and Alexandroveski bridges. . . . Suburban residents were ordered to retire into the city to avoid injury in the pending rearguard action planned to take place while the last dynamitings are carried out. Three Vistula bridges, including the new Praga Bridge, more than a mile long and costing £1,250,000, are lined with sandbags, and wires are set in readiness to explode land mines at the last moment before the Germans enter Warsaw."

THE SPECTACULAR GERMAN ENTRY INTO WARSAW:

PHOTOGRAPH BY



PRINCE LEOPOLD OF BAVARIA WELL STAGED AS CAPTOR OF WARSAW! WATCHING

The German Army has a fine talent for spectacular effect—as we note elsewhere—and it did not neglect the opportunity afforded by the Russian evacuation of Warsaw. An official Berlin communique of August 5 stated: "The Army of Prince Leopold of Bavaria broke through and took yesterday and last night the outer and inner line of the fortifications of Warsaw, in which the Russian rearguard still offered a stubborn resistance. The city was this morning occupied by our troops." A later German official statement, on August 6, said: "After the Russians had been expelled from the outer and inner line of fortifications of Warsaw, without any damage being done to the city, they evacuated the city and retreated to Praga, on the right bank of the Vistula." The Russian communique of August 6 said briefly: "Warsaw was evacuated in order to save the town from the

A REMARKABLE PHOTOGRAPH OF HISTORIC INTEREST.

PHOTOGRAPH BY



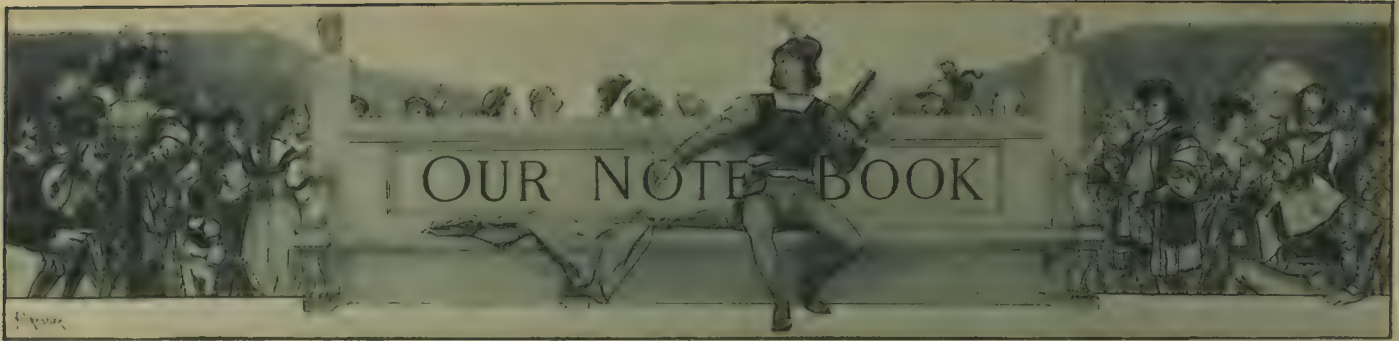
HIS REGIMENTS MARCH PAST IN THE POLISH CAPITAL, OUTSIDE THE RUSSIAN CHURCH.

effects of a bombardment." Describing the entry of the German troops into Warsaw, a correspondent of the "Cologne Gazette," evidently determined to make the most of an auspicious occasion, wrote: "On the entry of our troops, who were in the best possible condition, the population was overcome by joyful excitement. Everywhere gathered along the lines of march. The incoming regiments were greeted with the waving of handkerchiefs, the people laughed and rejoiced, so that the entry was almost like a triumphal procession. The whole population of the wretched city were on their feet." Comment is needless; but it may be noted that some 350,000 of the inhabitants of Warsaw were "on their feet" some days before, and had left the city in view of the arrival of the Germans—so much for the "joyful excitement!"



YPRES, 1915.

In this very remarkable photograph of ruined Ypres, among the wrecked buildings may be seen (practically in the centre) all that remains of the celebrated Cloth Hall, with the great belfry in the middle. Just beyond it (to the left) are the ruins of the Cathedral of St. Martin. At the further end of the Cloth Hall stood the Hôtel de Ville and an old Renaissance building, the Nieuwerk. Facing the nearer end of the façade of the Cloth Hall (in the right foreground) stood the Boucherie (the old meat market), a 15th-century building in which was the town museum. The large space to the right of the Cloth Hall is the Grande Place.—[Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.]



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I THINK that Marshal von Hindenburg is being rather badly treated. He is a very able commander; and though he has failed in his important purpose of enveloping the Russian armies, he broke the first Russian advance in the great victory of Tannenburg, and his second siege of Warsaw has been successful, so far as the town is concerned. I really do not see why he should have nails knocked into him. But it seems that the inhabitants of Berlin are positively paying money for the pleasure of hammering little spikes into his waistcoat or the nape of his neck. He stands opposite the Reichstag buildings in one of the principal open places of Berlin. His face is said to be serious; as well it may be under such an experience. His eyes have "a far-away look," expressive of a wish to be in some quiet place at the front, with nothing but bullets to make holes in him. He is made of wood. He weighs twenty tons. There is room on him for one million six hundred thousand nails, excluding his serious face; for the most eager of the idolaters are apparently warned to keep off his face. Yet the moral pathos of the serious and far-away look would surely be accentuated by a nail standing out horizontally from the exact tip of the nose. Especially if it were what we call a French nail. I do not altogether understand the calculations about his size; for the report says the head is four feet long and one of the boots big enough to hide ten men. Surely this distinguished soldier has not got a foot five times as big as his head. They may be wading-boots almost up to his waist, in compliment to his really dexterous use of the lakes and pools of East Prussia. But even then the ten men would have to stand on each other's heads. My first impression, as I have suggested, was that they were pitching into Hindenburg. I thought they stuck nails in the wooden image as the witches stuck pins in a waxen image. But I gather, with slow but growing wonder, that it is meant as a compliment; and I cannot think it a happy compliment to make the poor man's head out of wood; and to make it so very small in comparison with his unfortunate feet.

I make a note of this incident in the hope of explaining what we mean when we call the Prussians barbarians. I make it for the benefit of those who cannot understand how people with so many motor-cars and chemical smells can truly be called barbarians. They are barbarians in this vital sense; that the ultimate outcome of all their efforts in motor-ing or chemistry is an inadequate and inhuman outcome. It is not worthy even of the miserable men who make it; just as even a Sandwich Islander is generally better-looking than the fetish he chips out of a stone or tree. The fruit of their labours is an unripe and a sour fruit. Even when their fighting has a sort of unconscious dignity, their victory is always undignified. Of this truth we have an excellent allegory in the wooden Hindenburg and the real Hindenburg. The real Hindenburg who has failed is a much more respectable figure than the imaginary Hindenburg who has triumphed. Granted that their hero is admirable, it is exactly in the admiration that they fail. The colossal human

crescent with horns sweeping from Serbia to the Baltic has really something that impresses the imagination, like Islam and Napoleon and the great movements that have made history. And then they heave up a lumbering wooden doll dressed in tin-tacks, and tell us that their culture has found expression at last.

And so it has. Everything is symbolic about that figure: the place, the substance, the size, the treatment, and (apparently) the proportions. The wooden statue hangs like a wooden club over the heads of the Reichstag, which Houston Chamberlain calls "the most stubborn Parliament in the world," and which is indeed the most stubborn in its decision to do nothing. There, carved on a tower of timber, is the epigram of Frederick the Great: "They are to say what they like, and I am to do what I like." Every member of the Reichstag (as he walks out of it) will see, enormous in the sun, exactly what it is he would get if ever he were to try to do anything—the boot,

be adding another to their numberless mistakes if they treat this as an artificial feeling and a mere fruit of this war. There is just the same cheap superiority in the matter of the arts of peace. Mr. Houston Chamberlain, more German than the Germans, has (in the pamphlet recently circulated) passages utterly irrelevant to the fighting, yet enough to make a man glad it is Germany he has to fight. I take this paragraph almost at random from the pamphlet. It goes on like that for a page, and has nothing to do with the war. "I need not dilate upon the more general proposition—that of the easy access of truth to the honest seeker—not as being too philosophical, but because Pascal, the genuine Germanic Lorrainer, has fully established it in opposition to all scholasticism as the true wisdom that men need for their guidance in life the doctrine that enables us to live purely and to die nobly. A metaphor is often more instructive than a disquisition. There is the image of 'Veiled Truth'—an attractive subject to the sculptor, as illustrating an elusive frame of mind. For in point of fact, it is not Truth that is veiled: naked she is in her radiance; nor over her form is the veil spread, but before our sight rather. The cataract that obscures our vision need but be removed, and the illusion vanishes."

All that is pretentious and mysterious and cheap. It is cheap to call Pascal German; cheap to affect avoidance of what is "too philosophical"; cheap to cover, with all that allegory about the naked goddess, the quite commonplace idea that short-sighted people do not see things very plainly. It is cheap, and false, to talk of a subject for the sculptor illustrating an elusive frame of mind, for sculpture is evidently the art most fitted for simple and enduring frames of mind. A man may wake up suddenly

with a strange sense of unreality or irrational alarm, and may connect it with a movement of words or an eerie tune; but he does not rush out into the street and set up a statue about it. The triumphant Hindenburg, with his tenpenny nails, illustrates an elusive frame of mind, or one which we hope will shortly be eluded. That is why he is bad statuary. It is cheap, and false, to say that the illusion vanishes when the cataract is removed; people with cataracts do not have any illusions. Mr. Houston Chamberlain cannot keep his metaphors together, or his meaning straight, or anything consistent except his consistent self-approval.

That he is not a native German illustrates our whole peril from the commonplace. The spread of German culture means the teaching of everybody to talk like that. It is all the more dangerous because it is exceedingly easy; but a victory of Germany in arms will make it seem a superiority. For the riddle in the very heart of the war is that it is so heroically hard to make all men feel equal, but so very easy to make all men feel superior. Germany is at war with experiences deeper and more tragic than hers, whose emblem stands by many roads in ruined Flanders; but there the wood is carved otherwise, and the nails are more few.

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RULER OF THE NATION THAT IS MAKING SO HEROIC A STRUGGLE AGAINST THE INVADER: THE EMPEROR OF RUSSIA, WITH HIS STAFF, AT THE FRONT.

The Emperor of Russia, in a recent Order of the Day to his Army and Navy, wrote: "The Lord God in His unfathomable wisdom has been pleased oftentimes to send upon our land grave trials, and every time our country has come out of its strife with fresh strength and renewed might." The Emperor is seen in front on the left. (Photograph by C.N.)

the great big beautiful boot, bigger than ten men. The substance is one which is avowedly cheap and temporary, chosen partly for the senseless size and partly for the more senseless ironmongery. The size is simply size, no more impressive than a magnified pea.

The victory of Germany is the victory of the second-rate. The misunderstanding with Germany arises from the fact that Germans think it is the first-rate. Thoughtless people think the Kaiser is a subtle blasphemer, sneering at his own professions of peace. Brainless people think he is a pious fanatic holding himself as an instrument of Heaven. He is not deep enough to be either of these; he is a second-rate politician. When he says he did not wish for this war he means, so far as he means anything, that he wished for a war with fewer battles and more victories. But he does not ask himself what he means very much. He is a public man—the kind of man who has no inner life at all. God is neither his master nor his servant, but his favourite metaphor. And the deep and real irritation which people so different as the French, the Poles, and the Serbians feel against the Germans is largely an irritation against this underbred cleverness. It is the anger of people who have had tragedies against a people that has never had anything but melodramas. The Germans will only

SUNK BY A BRITISH SUBMARINE: THE SUPER-DREADNOUGHT "MOLTKE."



A SCARBOROUGH-RAIDER; AND ONE OF THE GERMAN FLEET'S MOST POWERFUL UNITS: THE "MOLTKE," WHICH WAS SUNK IN THE RIGA FIGHTING.



FAST, HEAVILY ARMED, AND HEAVILY ARMoured: THE "MOLTKE" AT SEA AND STEAMING AT FULL SPEED OF 28½ KNOTS.

The first news of the sinking of the German super-Dreadnought battle-cruiser "Moltke" reached this country in the shape of an official announcement of the President of the Russian Duma: "In the Riga battle the Germans lost one super-Dreadnought, the 'Moltke'; three cruisers; seven torpedo-boats." Within twelve hours official confirmation as to the fate of the German battle-cruiser came from the Admiralty at Petrograd in these terms: "In the Gulf of Riga, between August 16 and 19, the Russian Fleet sank or damaged no fewer than two German cruisers and eight torpedo-boats. At the same time, an English submarine sank one of the best German Dreadnoughts." The "Moltke," named specially to commemorate the Prussian master-strategist of the

war with France in 1870-1, was one of the most modern and powerful of Germany's battle-cruisers. Of super-Dreadnought type, and completed only four years ago, the ship was of 22,640 tons, and carried thick Krupp steel armour on her sides. She had a speed of 28½ knots, and a heavy turret armament of ten 11-inch guns and twelve 5·9-inch quick-firers; twelve 3·4 anti-torpedo-boat guns, and four torpedo-tubes; with a complement of over 1000 officers and men. The "Moltke" which was one of the German squadron which Sir David Beatty severely handled in the Dogger Bank battle of January 24, had a black record as one of the "baby-killer" squadron which shelled Scarborough last December.

RUSSIAN AND FRENCH PRISONERS IN THE CAMP AT

DRAWINGS BY J. SIMONT FROM SKETCHES

LANGENSALZA: THE LOT OF THE CAPTIVE IN GERMANY.

BY A REPATRIATED FRENCH DOCTOR.



THE MAIN ITEM IN THE PRISON CAMP MENU: PRISONERS ON FATIGUE DUTY CARRYING LARGE CAULDRONS OF SOUP, THE RUSSIANS ON STICKS OVER THE SHOULDER; THE FRENCH, BY HAND.



TOO PRECIOUS TO WASTE! RUSSIAN THEIR FINGERS THE LAST SCRAPS



PRISONERS SCRAPING OUT WITH FROM THE SOUP-CAULDRONS.



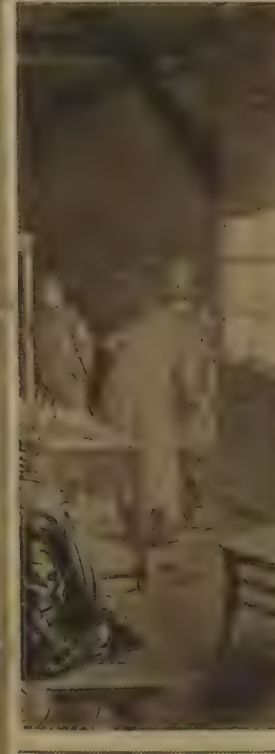
"SAINT PIERRE UN PEU TRISTE!" A RUSSIAN PRISONER AS JANITOR OF A COMMUNICATION-GATE, HIS OFFICE INDICATED BY A PLAQUE HUNG ROUND HIS NECK.



A PLACE OF REUNION, CONVERSATION, SELLING AND BARTERING: THE PRINCIPAL STREET OF THE CAMP AT LANGENSALZA.



A VISIT FROM THE CAMP DOCTOR: IN A CAMP



PRISONERS BEING MEDICALLY EXAMINED DORMITORY



PRECAUTIONS AGAINST TYPHUS: PRISONERS WRAPPED IN BLANKETS WAITING IN THE RAIN WHILE THEIR CLOTHES ARE DISINFECTED

These drawings, which were made by the artist from sketches by a French doctor after he had been repatriated, show some interesting glimpses of life in a large camp for Russian and French prisoners of war in Germany. These camps, it has been pointed out, are dotted about all over Germany, in order that all portions of the German Empire may have opportunities of seeing evidence of German military prowess! Our drawings illustrate the camp at Langensalza, a town in Saxony near which the Hanoverians surrendered to the Prussians in 1866; the battle and the subsequent capitulation are described in Dumas' book "The Prussian Terror." In describing his experiences at the camp, the French doctor mentions that, as a precaution against the spread of epidemics, such as typhus, which was rife there, it was divided into sections surrounded with barbed wire. At each gate communicating between one section and another was a janitor, usually a Russian prisoner who was made responsible for everyone passing through. This "St. Pierre un peu triste," as the doctor calls him, wore on a cord

hung round his neck a zinc plaque to denote his office. Through the middle of the camp ran a main thoroughfare, which was the chief place of meeting for the prisoners, who there bought and sold or bartered with each other. The meals consisted of coffee in the morning, soup at eleven, and soup again at five. A German report recently estimated the total number of prisoners-of-war in Germany and Austria, captured from the Allies during the first year of the war, at 1,695,400. On the other hand, though precise figures are not available, it must be remembered that the Allies have also made very large numbers of prisoners, especially the Russians in the earlier campaigns against the Austrians. Recent reports of the treatment of British prisoners in Germany have recorded an improvement on the conditions that prevailed at first, and there is no doubt that this improvement has been very largely due to the untiring efforts of the United States Embassies in Berlin and in London, and the numerous visits of inspection made at the prison camps in Germany by American officials.-(Drawings Copyrighted in the United States and Canada.)

SCIENCE & NATURAL HISTORY.



THE PREVENTION OF EPIDEMICS IN WAR

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

THE PREVENTION OF EPIDEMICS IN WAR

NOTHING has been more satisfactory in the present war than the masterly way in which epidemic diseases have been averted from the armies of our Allies and ourselves. Tetanus, which was one of the first to show itself on the battlefields of Belgium and France, has been held in check by the use of anti-tetanus serum. Gas-gangrene has given way before appropriate dressings; typhoid has been banished by inoculation; and paratyphoid, which at one time threatened to give serious trouble, has been satisfactorily dealt with, partly by better diagnosis, partly by the new serum invented at the laboratory of the Val de Grâce. Even in Serbia, where typhus fever, until lately almost forgotten by the West, has claimed hundreds of victims from our Allies and the brave Englishwomen who have gone thither to nurse them, the scourge has been got under by improved sanitation. The total result has been a triumph for medical science, and shows that the lessons of the Russo-Japanese War have been effectively studied and learned.

What labour has been necessary before this result could be achieved, an article by M. Paul Razous, Professor of Hygiene at the French School of Public Works, may teach us. Apart from inoculation, the purification of the water used by the French Army holds the foremost place. This is accomplished by iodine, cunningly put up in tablets of red, white, and blue, or by hypochlorite of soda, otherwise called "eau de Javel," which is rapidly coming into use for other war-like purposes. For the disinfection of linen used by hospital patients, soaking in a two per cent. solution of cresyl—one of the many preparations made from coal-tar—is recommended. The uniforms and clothing which cannot be washed are exposed either to the vapour of burning sulphur or to that of formol; the floors of hospitals, and other buildings used by patients suffering from infectious diseases are swept with saw-dust sprinkled with chloride of lime before washing with a solution either of cresyl or of eau de Javel, and even the scissors and clippers of the regimental barber are to be disinfected by carbolic acid or formol. The trenches are to be purified wherever

possible by spraying with hypochlorite, manure-heaps treated with sulphate of copper before being buried, and straw and everything else which has been used by the wounded burned wherever possible. The disposition of the corpses both of

until this can be done, the covering of corpses with charcoal, pounded coke, or the slag of steam-engines turned out from railways and factories.

By such means, our Allies, ever first in the practical application of science, have succeeded till now in keeping all serious epidemics at bay, and it is to be hoped that our own sanitary service are following their good example. A more serious trial is, probably awaiting them in the shape of Asiatic cholera, which has been present in more or less sporadic form throughout the Southern territories of Austria ever since the outbreak of war, and is now said to be epidemic in the Bukowina. Contrary to what is generally supposed, the worst epidemics of this disease in Western Europe have taken place not in the heat of summer, but during the rapidly changing temperatures of spring and autumn, and it is quite possible that it may yet come West. The science—which, it may be repeated, means, in this connection, exact knowledge based on ascertained facts—of our Allies and our own medical advisers may be trusted to deal with it, should it do so; and the recent communication of the Serbian doctor, M. Petrovitch, to the Paris Académie de Médecine is full of hope for its treatment by a new serum which, if it can do what is claimed for it, must supersede inoculation by

the Haflkine process hitherto used by us in India. Dr. Petrovitch says that he has given the new serum a thorough trial, and has found that barely 1½ per cent. of those inoculated with it die, as against 10 per cent. of those uninoculated, while it acts so efficiently as a prophylactic that 58 per cent. of those who show premonitory symptoms escape all serious attack by the disease.

Another French writer on the subject deprecates the use of opium and bismuth on the appearance of the first symptoms of diarrhoea in Army patients, which, he says, can never give more than temporary relief. Sulphate of soda, which has been much recommended, he has also found very uncertain in its action. But he strongly recommends the employment of ipecacuanha in gramme doses, which has, he

says, enabled the troops attacked by the complaint to return to duty within twenty-four hours.

F. L.



THE SUPERSTITION OF RUDOLF II. RULER OF THE HOLY ROMAN EMPIRE: THE EMPEROR CONSULTING HIS ALCHEMIST (16th CENTURY).



THE FIRST NINE DAYS PASS WITHOUT CHANGING THE MEANS OF THE HOME OF NICHOLAS FLAMEL (1330-1418).



A MOTOR-CYCLE SIDE-CAR FOR CARRYING WOUNDED OVER THE MOUNTAINS IN THE VOSGES: A BRITISH AMBULANCE WHICH CAN MOVE OVER GROUND IMPOSSIBLE TO CARS.

men and of animals on the field of battle offers many difficulties, as we have got long past inhumation, our mother earth in places on the Western

démie de Médecine is full of hope for its treatment by a new serum which, if it can do what is claimed for it, must supersede inoculation by



PAINTED WITH A LANDSCAPE OF PINE TREES INSTEAD OF THE FAMILIAR SYMBOL: A DISGUISED RED CROSS AMBULANCE WHICH HAS DONE EXCELLENT WORK IN THE VOSGES.

Photograph by C.N.

front being well nigh incapable of receiving any more. M. Razous recommends, as must everyone, the substitution for it of cremation on a large scale, and

A BELGIAN MASTERPIECE FOR THE TATE: "LE PREMIER MATIN."

COPYRIGHT PHOTOGRAPH BY "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS."



PRESENTED TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE NATIONAL GALLERY, AS "A SYMBOLIC ACT OF HOMAGE": M. EGIDE ROMBAUX'S STATUE, "LE PREMIER MATIN," WHICH IT HAS BEEN DECIDED TO PLACE IN THE TATE GALLERY.

The presentation of this fine example of Belgian sculpture to the Trustees of the National Gallery was recently made, on behalf of the subscribers to the purchase fund, by Sir Edward Poynter, P.R.A., in the sculpture gallery of the Royal Academy. It was accepted on behalf of the Trustees by Lord Plymouth, who said that it was to be placed in the Tate Gallery. M. Rombaux himself was unable to be present, as he is in Brussels. Sir Edward Poynter said of the statue: "It is a work magnificent not only in design and expression, but in that profound and masterly knowledge of the human figure and its

capabilities of beauty which is the characteristic of the great masters of the great schools of Greece and Italy; and these qualities it displays in the highest degree, the sense of form being as refined as it is colossal in conception." The Belgian Director of Fine Arts, M. Paul Lambotte, described the occasion as "a symbolic act of homage paid by British artists to Belgian art." M. Rombaux, in view of the occasion, asked only £800 for his work, but the amount subscribed was £865 5s.: the surplus goes to a fund for the relief of distressed Belgian artists.

OFFICERS KILLED IN ACTION; AND A MUCH-TRIED BATTALION.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ELLIOTT AND FRY, BACON, MOSE, SPORT AND GENERAL, AVITA TAYLOR, HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SWAINE, HARRANO, AND LAFAYETTE.



With regard to our group of officers of the 1st East Lancashire Regiment, taken at Harrow before they left for the front a year ago, it should be noted that there are in it the following officers: Standing (left to right): 2nd Lieut. Salt (wounded), 2nd Lieut. Parker (w.), Lieut. Hughes (killed), Lieut. MacMullen (safe), Capt. Goldie (w.), Lieut. Delmege (w.), Lieut. Dyes (safe), Lieut. Dowling (shell concussion), Lieut. Leeson (w.), Lieut. Canton (k.), Lieut. Tosswill (safe). Seated in centre: Capt. Coventry (k.), Capt. Clayhills, D.S.O. (k.), Lieut. Belcher (k.), Major Lambert (w.), Col. Le Marchant, D.S.O. (k.), Major Collins, D.S.O. (prisoner), Major Green, D.S.O. (w.), Capt. Seabroke (w.), Lieut. (Q.M.) Longstaff (invalided home). Seated on the ground: Lieut. Wade (w.), 2nd Lieut. Richards (safe), 2nd Lieut. Hooper (prisoner), 2nd Lieut. Matthews (k.), Lieut. Hopkinson (w.), Lieut. Chisholm (k.), Dr. Flood (prisoner). This regiment formed part of the Division of which Mr. Hilaire Belloc wrote: "When the full official history of the war comes to be

written, few things will prove of more credit to the Expeditionary Force and its command than the way this belated Division—belated through no fault of the soldiers—was incorporated with the already existing organisation, in the very midst of its retreat, and helped to support the Army. There are few parallels in history to the successful accomplishment of so delicate and perilous an operation." With regard to other portraits, it may be noted that Major Ernest W. Boyd-Moss, D.S.O., served in South Africa, and was awarded the D.S.O. Commander T. C. A. Blomefield, R.N., was eldest son of Sir Thomas W. P. and Lady Blomefield, of The Windmill House, Lichfield. Major Hugh Lewis Nevill, D.S.O., served in South Africa with distinction, and was author of "Campaigns on the North-West Frontier, 1912." Major Charles John Venables, D.S.O., was the son of the late Right Rev. Addington R. P. Venables, Bishop of Nassau. He served in South Africa, and was awarded the D.S.O.

FROM THE WORLD-WAR SCRAP-BOOK: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



APPARENTLY THE RESULT OF A RUSSIAN AIR-RAID ON CONSTANTINOPLE: HAVOC IN PERA AFTER THE GREAT FIRE OF JULY 26, WHICH DESTROYED 2000 OR 3000 HOUSES.

A message from Bucharest to Paris of August 23 stated that "the recent fire in Constantinople, which destroyed 3000 houses, was caused by bombs dropped by Russian airmen." It was very probably this fire whose effects are seen in the above photograph, showing about two-thirds of the scene of devastation in Pera. On the left is the

Bosphorus, with the entrance to the Golden Horn, Seraglio Point, and the Sea of Marmora beyond. Among the buildings in the background is the German hospital. "Goeben" sailors blew up adjacent houses, to isolate it. Our correspondent writes: "All the Turkish newspapers are forbidden to mention the fire, but 2000 houses are gone!"



THE RUSSIAN GUN-BOAT WHICH "PERISHED GLORIOUSLY": THE GALLANT "SIVOUTCH."

From *Janes "Fighting Ships," 1915*
The Russian official account of the naval victory over the Germans in the Gulf of Riga said: "On our side we lost the gun-boat 'Sivoutch,' which perished gloriously in an unequal action with an enemy cruiser which was escorting the torpedo craft. The cruiser closed with her to a distance of 400 yards. The 'Sivoutch,' wrapped in flame, and on fire fore and aft, continued to answer shot for shot until she went down,



SOUTH AFRICANS COME TO ENLIST: MEN OF THE NATAL LIGHT HORSE IN WHITEHALL.

having previously sunk an enemy torpedo-boat." These are particulars about her: Date, 1907; displacement, 960 tons; complement, 170; guns, two 4.7-inch, four 12-pounders, and 3 machine-guns. Her Captain was Commander Tcherkasoff. — The members of the Natal Light Horse who have come over from South Africa to enlist for the war in France marched down Whitehall to the Recruiting Office headed by a band of pipers.



VISITING AN ARMY IN WHOSE RANKS HE ONCE FOUGHT: LORD KITCHENER, WEARING THE 1870 WAR MEDAL, IN THE FIRST-LINE TRENCHES DURING HIS VISIT TO FRANCE.

In the French official account of Lord Kitchener's recent visit to the front it was stated: "The British Field-Marshal passed down the front of the French Army from left to right, and was thus able to realise the plan on which our trenches are constructed, and to study our defensive positions, our artillery, and the general organisation

of our means of war. Lord Kitchener wore on his breast above his British Orders the senior among his decorations—viz., the War Medal of 1870. He did not conceal the joy he felt in finding himself again in the midst of an army in the ranks of which he had once fought."—[Photo, by Alfieri.]

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

Lady Drivers. Quite a number of young ladies are now attending the various motor schools of instruction in many parts of England and Scotland, with a view to becoming professional drivers. At Liverpool, the contractors of the Post Office Mail motor-vans are already employing quite a number of female drivers for this service, as so many of their men have joined the forces. Perhaps it might not be out of place if I give a few words of advice to some of the young girls who purpose taking up this business at the present time. In the first place, they must remember that driving pure and simple is a matter they can manage excellently if they keep their "nerves" well under control. Also they can learn to keep cars in decent running order as regards lubrication, tightening up loose parts, and even tyre-repairs; but their physical strength will not permit them to do much else, as even starting up a refractory engine or one with a highish compression is beyond them. We all have our limitations, and it is because I hope the lady driver and "mechanic" will be a success that I venture to limit her endeavours. To-day, fortunately, the motor vehicle seldom breaks down in its big details, broken crank-shafts or broken axles being rare occurrences except on worn-out chassis. Consequently, although it is quite right for the school instructors to teach their women pupils all the detail construction of a motor vehicle, what is most needed is for them to pay special attention to the possible points of trouble, which, of course, vary with the make of vehicle.

Some Hints. Thus, everybody who has had experience with a Ford car knows the difficulty often met with in starting it up in the morning. There is a remedy, and that is to jack up the back wheels and so get it going that way. Take a 15-h.p. Métallurgique

as another instance: if before starting up each morning the petrol-filter is not emptied of the condensed water found there, there is trouble; while it is better for a girl to know that a piece of wash-leather will allow petrol to pass through it into the tank, yet intercept the water, when used as a filter in the filling-funnel, than how to take off the cylinders of the engine—a job that is always taught, yet in practice is hardly occasioned.



A FAMOUS CAR: THE 17.9-H.P. ARROL-JOHNSTON.

Things to Know. So far as I have questioned some of the girls now under tuition, few are taught how to change accumulators properly. Yet this, and what may go wrong with them, are essential to know, just as the weaknesses of the magneto and the parts to be carefully looked after to avoid trouble should be well impressed on the would-be lady driver-mechanic's mind. As I said before, it is only the little things that usually go wrong in a car nowadays. Petrol-pipes get choked up, grit gets into the carburettor-float chamber, the plugs get

dirty, shorts happen to the magneto, petrol and oil tanks do get empty unawares (but ought not to), radiators boil up and engines seize sometimes, while brakes want constant attention, and a host of different parts want looking after with the oil-can; but water-joints do not often go, neither do piston-rods; yet, judging by the time spent in the schools on such subjects, one would imagine such happenings were frequent. Careful driving, too, and the

proper use of the gears, are the cures for many ills. It is better to change speed-gears too often than too seldom, and to realise the speed each is designed for, and so use it accordingly. As for the refractory engine that won't start up, for a girl to endeavour to swing it seems to me "all wrong and odd," when a little petrol injected through the compression-tap or a plug would settle the difficulty with one pull up or a kick down with the foot of the crank. Yet it seems to me these are the things that are not taught in the instruction classes, any more than the common courtesies of the road, which are as needful as mechanical efficiency. W. W.

The records of a century-and-a-half-old firm are inevitably interesting, and in the case of the Carron Company, of Carron, Stirlingshire, there are references to the invention of shrapnel which are of much topical interest. One letter says: "I am satisfied that upon inquiry you will find the Bills to which I refer are all in a situation to be paid, particularly the sums due for the work done under the direction of Major Shrapnel"; and it also gives "particulars respecting the business done under Major Shrapnel's orders," the items including "Spherical Case Shot certified by Major Shrapnel in September and October, 1803, £4,587 11s. 2d." The carronade, a short, light gun, resembling a mortar, adopted by the British Navy in 1779, took its name from being made at the Carron Works.

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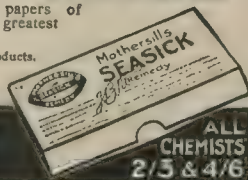
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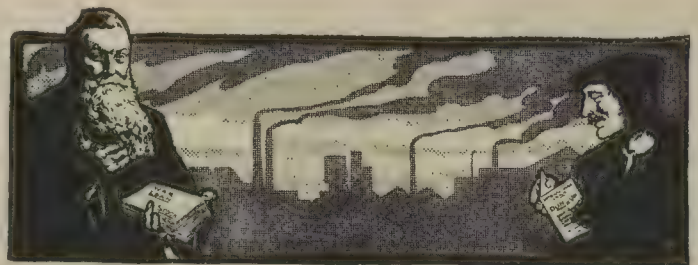
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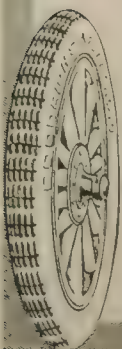
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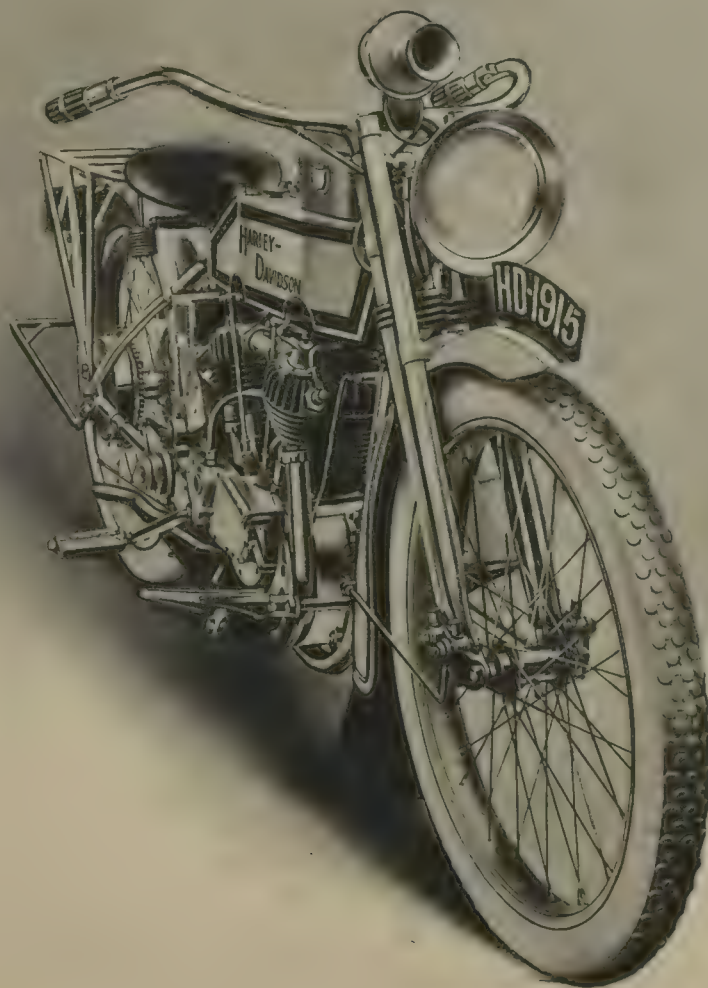
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GREAT RUSSIAN FICTION.

It was in the early nineties of last century—remote period—that English readers first began to learn a little of the Russian novelists. The late Mr. Stead had much to say of Tolstoi in the earlier numbers of his review,



THE DEATH OF A WELL-KNOWN CARDINAL: HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL SERAFINO VANNUTELLI.

The death of Cardinal Serafino Vannutelli took place on August 20 at Rome. The late Cardinal was Dean of the Sacred College and brother of the late Cardinal Vincenzo Vannutelli. It is a rare occurrence for two brothers to hold the high rank of a Prince of the Church. Cardinal Vincenzo was well known in London, as he presided over the Eucharistic Congress held here in 1908.—[Photo, by Speaight.]

and the prophet of literal Christianity became the fashion. Translations were in the hands of everyone who wished to be thought intelligent, and side by side with this new interest arose a general inquisitiveness about the literature of Northern Europe. Turgenev was next translated, and found acceptance. But Russia was not alone. We had our little debauch of Ibsenism and other Norwegians. Whence, a flood of "new" views, a certain subversion of

ideas, and the appearance of the rebel woman, with her curious ongoings, her serio-comic aggressions, her rightness and her wrongness. These questions, so vital a few short months ago, seem now almost "remnants of the palæolithic age," as Truthful James would say. Ibsenism awaits a more convenient season, Shavianism has taken a complexion of unreality and slumbers until peace shall again give us leisure to enjoy the superficial paradox—if, indeed, it survive the present upheaval. But Russia has gained a new interest, not that of mere literary curiosity, but of a nation for which ideals, long nebulous, inchoate, and struggling, are coming to realisation with a suddenness and clarity unsuspected by the general observer, and prophesied only by an acute critic whose words were hardly heard beyond his quiet lecture-room in a Belgian University. Everything Russian has a new meaning for us to-day. The culture of another nation, which has too long bedevilled our *savants*—who, alike in the ancient classics and in science, would not move until they had swallowed every fugitive pamphlet of industrious Pott and niggling Hermann, let alone their interminable volumes—will be given a rest, to the curing of much mental indigestion. And the new alliance will turn our attention to a language hitherto feared by the majority because of its difficulty, but likely at last to find many students, who will devote to it the "thousand hours" prescribed by Dr. Hagberg Wright for the mastery of Russian.

All, however, cannot hope to learn the original tongue. Consequently it is, no doubt, a wise and businesslike policy which has induced Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton to offer to English readers, under the title of "Great Russian Fiction," an inexpensive series of translations of the chief Russian novelists. The books, of six-shilling size, are given to the public at half-a-crown. Well printed and well turned out, they should find many readers, who will not be scared by the rather formidable Russian eagle on the cover. Hitherto the more sober and expensive editions have kept the Slavonic masterpieces (except the paper-bound Gorkys and the similarly dressed "Kreutzer Sonata" of Tolstoi, which had such a *succès de scandale* about thirty years ago) outside the region—of the so-called "popular"; but now he who runs for a train may buy and read Poushkin, Turgenev, Goncharov, Lermontov, and their successors.

In the first list of volumes appear "The Captain's Daughter," by

Poushkin; "The Heart of a Russian," by Lermontov; Turgenev's "On the Eve"; "The Abyss," by Andreyev; Gorky's "Comrades" and "Chelkash," the last with other short stories. Others will follow.

Poushkin as a novelist is, needless to say, entirely subsidiary to the poet creator of "Eugène Onéguine." Never quite freed from French influence even in his verse, he appears in "The Captain's Daughter" as the manifest disciple of Voltaire. But his inclusion among the novelists was inevitable and justifiable, for, although the question has been hotly debated, Poushkin is truly representative of Russia, and is the first of that great line of exponents of her awakening spirit who in the opening nineteenth century found a new language ready for the fashioning of masterpieces. That national spirit, already manifest in Krylov, was to be realised in Poushkin, Gogol, and Turgenev.

Turgenev's "On the Eve" is peculiarly significant in its place at the opening of this series. It is not his greatest work, but it is the direct progenitor of "Fathers and Children." Its slighter but very powerful sketches are developed in the later masterpiece, and the book contains

Continued on p. 285.



DRAIN-PIPE LOOP-HOLES AND FULL MARCHING KIT: A GERMAN TRENCH—PHOTOGRAPH FROM NORTHERN FRANCE.

This enemy photograph represents a scene at the front in Northern France. It shows Germans lining a trench elaborately constructed, and in which the unusual expedient of using drain-pipes as loop-holes has been used. The men are in full marching order in anticipation of being attacked shortly. The wearing of complete kit in trench fighting is unusual, and might seem to suggest that on the occasion in question there was a doubt in the mind of the officer in command as to the result of the coming action.—[Photo, by Newspaper Illustrations.]

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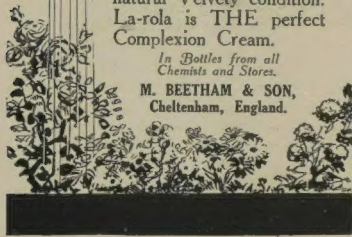
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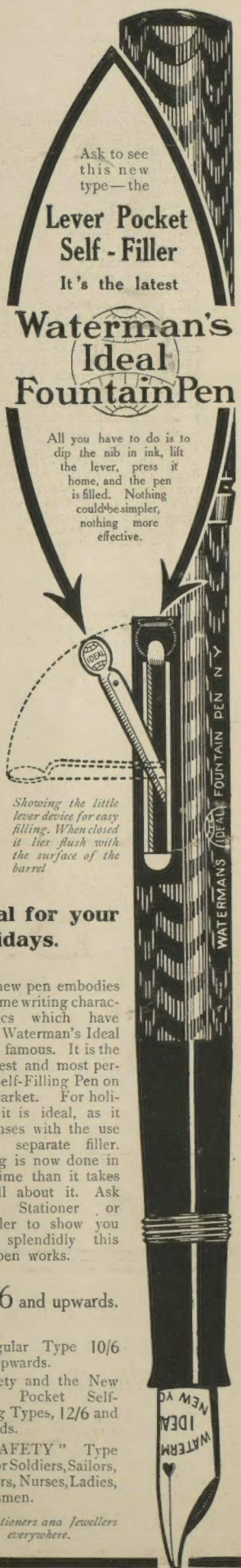
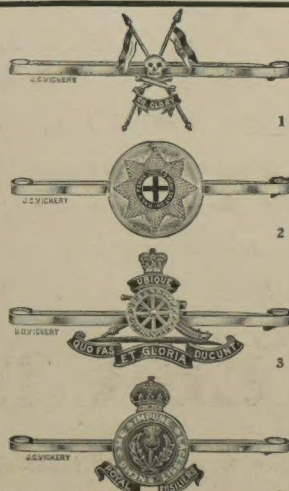
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(Continued.)

at least one perfectly and exquisitely finished portrait, that of Helen, a creation of Meredithian power and charm. Some believe that Helen is Turgenev's symbol of a Russia then just becoming conscious of great desires. It may be so, and, if so, interesting; but it is Helen the human being, not the symbol, that claims our admiration, even our adoration. As a very minor point, almost irrelevant, yet perhaps worth making for its curiosity, one may note that this novel gives us, among its infrequent touches of humour, an exact Russian parallel to Captain Cuttle's friend and oracle, Jack Bunsby, with his immortal "opinion" — "Because, if so, why not." And there is a delightful revelation of the German as he even then appeared (about 1854) in his foreign excursions. Some tourists from the Fatherland, hearing a lady with whom they were not acquainted sing charmingly at a picnic, broke in on the party and with physical violence demanded an *encore* as a rightful tribute to their omnipotent appreciation of art. Hence Louvain and Rheims. The passage reads curiously to-day, for the ring-leader is a perfect anticipation of the "Blonde Beast." Helen's Bulgarian lover flung him into the lake. *Prosit omen!* L. N. Andreyev, as uncompromising a realist as Gorky, but differing as abstract differs from concrete, is here represented by a volume of short stories. He can be unpleasant, very unpleasant, but he lightens his grossness with touches of fancy, sometimes exquisite. "The Little Angel" is only a fragment, inconclusive and hardly finished art, but it possesses undeniable power to exalt and depress. He and Gorky are still journalists. The rougher manner of the younger men will hardly stand the test of time as the delicate workmanship of Turgenev has stood it. Gorky's "Comrades" is useful as a contrast and corrective to the home-made novel of Nihilism. The "Hero" (here otherwise titled) of the poet Lermontov, bizarre in its psychology, is superb in its Caucasian landscape.

"SUBJECTS OF THE DAY."

SPEECHES claim a large part of their success from the occasion and the audience. The man who stirred a vast company to enthusiasm overnight is fortunate indeed if he can flutter the breakfast table or the railway train to which his eloquence comes in terms of cold print. All too often after publication the orator's effort reminds us, by reason of what it is as compared with what it should have been, of the arrival of Mrs.

and Unwin), the verdict will probably go against the author. Mr. D. M. Chapman-Huston is responsible for a selection that includes brief memoirs of George Wyndham, Alfred Lyttelton, and Sir William Anson, and is introduced by Lord Cromer. There is much to enjoy in the speeches; Lord Curzon has a fine patriotism, a deep religious sense, and a partiality for the well-turned period and the *mot juste*. As the Orator of Empire he might understudy Lord Rosebery; as public speaker for India he stands probably alone. But, unfortunately, just as the reader is growing deeply impressed by the extent and variety of Lord Curzon's interests, some spirit of mischief tempts Mr. Chapman-Huston to introduce speeches on purely controversial topics—Woman Suffrage, the Finance Bill of 1909, Home Rule for Ireland. The effect is most unfortunate, not as a revelation of political and social views, for these were common knowledge, but as the quite unnecessary revelation of prejudice and limitations. Without any sympathies or pronounced views on any of the questions referred to, the reader who is studying Lord Curzon's powers of argument and gifts of political expression may well be left wondering whether these speeches are held to embody valid and enduring arguments. In a flash comes the thought that the author's strength does not lie in the direction of legislating for free men, but rather in administering, to the full extent of strong convictions and a high moral purpose, the affairs of people who are less than free. Over every utterance there is a faint, indeterminate echo of the fatal words "ipse dixit"; while from the first page to the last, amid abundant evidences of deep thought and large attainment, the reader will sigh in vain for one touch of humour. All the addresses would seem to issue from lips that cannot smile. But, despite this drawback, the book is of interest and value.



LORD KITCHENER'S VISIT TO THE FRENCH FRONT: THE WAR MINISTERS OF BRITAIN AND FRANCE AT AN INSPECTION, WITH GENERAL JOFFRE.

During the earlier part of the present month (August), Lord Kitchener paid a visit lasting some days to the French headquarters with M. Millerand, the French War Minister. In the course of it he had conferences with General Joffre and the leaders of the different armies, and was present at inspections of troops of all arms of the service, repeatedly expressing his satisfaction and admiration at the quality of the troops, and his assured confidence in complete victory. In our illustration M. Millerand is the outer figure in the centre. Next to him is Lord Kitchener, then General Joffre and General Langie de Cary, the brilliant leader of one of the army groups. In the foreground are staff officers.

Photograph by Topical.

Cluppings and Mrs. Raddle at the house of Mrs. Bardell as related in "Pickwick." Reprinted speeches submit any speaker's reputation to a severe trial, and in the case of "Subjects of the Day," by Lord Curzon (Allen

ment, the reader will sigh in vain for one touch of humour. All the addresses would seem to issue from lips that cannot smile. But, despite this drawback, the book is of interest and value.



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Letters

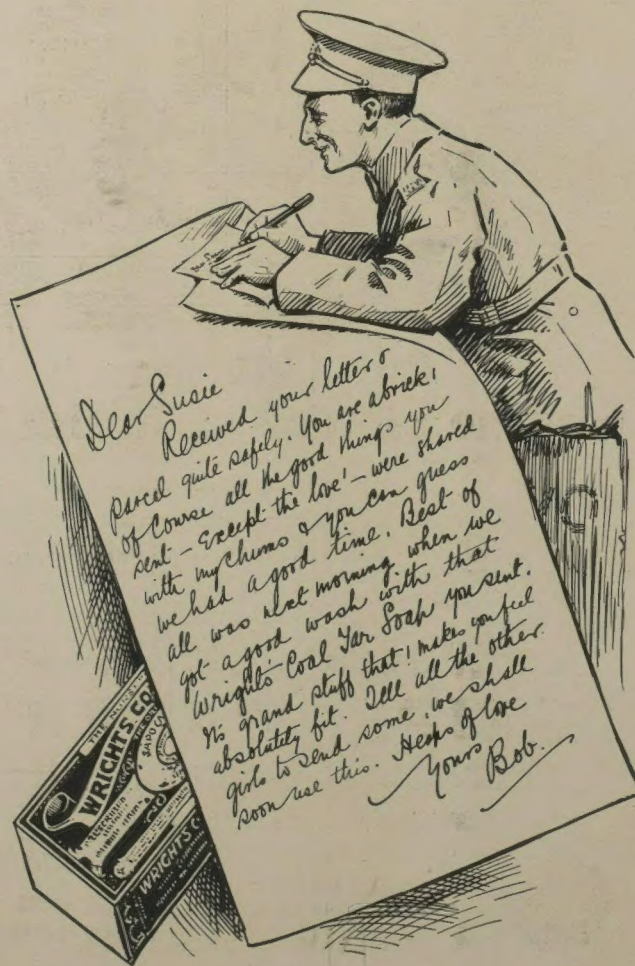
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For the benefit of *Illustrated London News* readers, Lady explains how she accidentally discovered a New Absorption Process which Permanently Removed her Hairy Mask after Electricity, Tweezers, Caustic Pastes, Lotions, Powders, and All Other Depilatories and Advertised Remedies had absolutely failed to do anything but harm.

By following simple directions given below, any woman now has the means of easily preparing and using in her own home this wonderful process, which has hitherto been a carefully guarded secret known only to a few high-priced specialists.

Full directions are now made public for the first time.

All who are afflicted with superfluous hair will be interested to learn of the amazing discovery made by Miss Kathryn B. Firmin, who until recently was deeply humiliated by these repulsive growths upon her face, neck, and arms. As the hair constantly became more thick and hideous she tried every process and remedy advertised or recommended, but found to her sorrow that if any of these removed hair at all, the effects were only temporary, and new growths soon appeared stronger than ever. Even hours of torture under the cruel electric needle simply meant great pain, a sore and blemished skin, and the inevitable disappointment. After spending huge sums in efforts to get rid of her terrible and beauty-destroying affliction, Miss Firmin was about to give up in despair, when by chance she learned of a means by which the beauties of Ancient Rome are said to have permanently banished superfluous hair. With only a very slight clue as to the nature of this remarkable process used in bygone ages, Miss Firmin tells how she set to work experimenting in her tireless effort to wrest the lost secret from the past. From the accounts of Miss Firmin's discovery, which have recently aroused so much interest among women with superfluous hair, there seems to be no doubt that at last there has been found a way, most radically different from anything hitherto known, by which any woman can now rid herself permanently, harmlessly, and painlessly of all superfluous hair-growths by dissolving them out of existence, root and all. One part of the process consists of a solution easily obtained

and prepared by anyone, which possesses the remarkable quality of being readily absorbed by the hair, so that it creeps down to the root, dissolving as it goes, just as oil creeps up a lamp wick. It is, perhaps, needless to caution any who use this process which has so deadly an effect upon the hair, that it must never by any chance be permitted to touch hair which is not to be destroyed. In explaining the process Miss Firmin mentions that it is perfectly neutral and ineffective to the skin, as anyone can quickly prove by experiment, but she disclaims all responsibility for permanent loss of desirable hair, such as eyebrows, hair of the head, etc., to which the process is applied. Even though the accidental application be insufficient to dissolve the hair at once, it will eventually die and fall out, and there exists no known means of restoring life to hair roots thus affected.



After bearing for ten years the affliction of a humiliating and repulsive hairy mask, with beard and moustache like a man's, Miss Firmin permanently removed it all in a single night by means of the marvellous new absorption process explained in this article.

For the benefit of any readers who may be interested, and who wish to be rid of their superfluous process, we are authorised to announce that Miss Firmin has agreed to send all necessary particulars regarding its preparation and use to any reader sufficiently interested to send her two penny stamps for return postage. Simply address Miss Kathryn B. Firmin (Suite 1299C), 133, Oxford Street, London, W., and full information will be sent by return post in plain sealed envelope. On account of the great demands upon Miss Firmin's time, she has stipulated that this offer must be announced to positively expire at the end of ten days.



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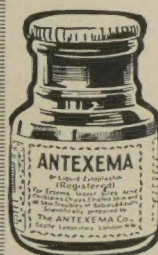
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CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C.

L. CHURCH.—If you will send your address we will examine your problem with pleasure.

J. M. BELL.—We will examine any problems you care to send, and will publish whatever comes up to our standard.

G. W.—Thanks for further problems, which shall be attended to in due course.

CHESS IN AMERICA.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the New York Metropolitan Chess League, between Messrs. LASKER and CHAJES.

(Caro-Kann Opening.)

WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)	WHITE (Mr. L.)	BLACK (Mr. C.)
1. P to K 4th	P to Q B 3rd	Time seems lost with this and the next move of the Knight, but they seem part of an unusual combination.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th		
3. P to K 5th	B to B 4th		
4. B to Q 3rd	B takes B		
5. Q takes B	P to K 3rd		
6. Kt to K 2nd	Kt to Q 2nd		
7. Castles	Kt to K 2nd		
8. P to Q B 3rd	Q to Kt 3rd		
9. P to K B 4th	P to Kt 3rd		
10. Kt to Q 2nd	P to K R 4th		
11. P to Q Kt 3rd	Kt to K B 4th		
12. Kt to Kt 3rd	B to K 2nd		
13. Kt takes Kt	Kt P takes Kt		
14. Kt to B 3rd	Castles Q R		

P to R 5th should have come first, to secure the opportunity of a strong attack. White's next move stops all chances of such.

Intending to double his Rooks, but he is never allowed to do so, and in the end this piece is out of play.

17. Q to K 2nd R to R sq
18. B to K 3rd K to Kt sq
19. B to B 2nd Q to R 4th
20. P to B 4th

A very useful advance which, by breaking up Black Queen's wing, virtually decides the game.

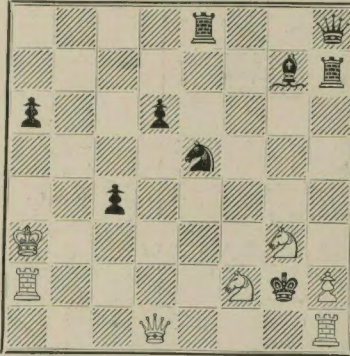
20. P to Kt 3rd
21. K R to B sq K to Kt 2nd
22. R to B 2nd Kt to Kt sq

Black's intention was now to continue, Q takes P, 26. P takes B, Q takes Q P (ch), 2. K to R sq, Q takes R, but he saw too late to prevent loss, the fatal effects of 28. R to R 2nd, which must win.

25. B takes B
26. P takes P (ch) K to B 2nd
27. R takes B Kt to Kt sq
28. P to Q 5th Q takes Q P
29. R to Q sq Q takes Q Kt P

By the judicious surrender of these two Pawns, White consolidates his advantages, and his Rooks soon become irresistible. White must not be confounded with the *soi-disant* "world's champion," however good his play.

30. R to Q 3rd Q to R 5th
31. Q to Q 2nd K to B sq
32. R to Q 7th Q takes R P
33. Kt takes K P R takes P (ch)
34. Q takes R Q to K 6th (ch)
35. P to B sq Kt takes R
36. P tks Kt (ch) K to Kt sq
37. R to B 8 (ch) Resigns.

PROBLEM No. 3713.—By A. M. SPARKE.
BLACK.

WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3710.—By G. WATSON.

WHITE
1. P to Kt 3rd K to Q 5th
2. Kt to B 7th K moves
3. Q mates.

If Black play 1. K to Kt 4th, 2. Q to B 3rd, K moves, 3. Q to Kt 4th, or Kt to B 7th (mate).

A gratifying proof of the healthy condition of New Zealand finance was furnished by the Prime Minister in replying recently to a deputation concerning a suggested special war tax in the Dominion, when he stated that he was very glad to be able to say that the finances of the country were so satisfactory that if it were necessary New Zealand could go on for another year without imposing additional taxation, though, under the circumstances, such a course, he thought, would not be wise or advisable.

NEW NOVELS.

"With the Best Intention." A schnorrer—this for the instruction of those who do not know the Ghetto—is a loafer, according to Mr. Bruno Lessing's translation of the word, but we think "cadger" more exactly expresses the specimen presented to us in the portrait of Lapidowitz. Lapidowitz, who is the chief character in "With the Best Intention" (Hurst and Blackett), was a born cadger. He lived in the New York Ghetto, where judicious borrowings enabled him to sustain life, and his ingenuity in manipulating his creditors was worthy of a better cause. Lapidowitz had imagination, and in his fine flights saw himself as the heir to fortunes, or the husband of an industrious Yankee school-teacher or of an opulent Jewish widow. These visions did not materialise; but that was not the fault of the schnorrer, who schemed to ingratiate himself with the object of his intentions with an exemplary patience. Mr. Lessing, having a vein of his own, has explored it dexterously, and the result is a collection of short stories which, if not of great substance, is at least both fresh and vivacious, and written with a very pleasant sense of humour. The misadventures of Lapidowitz appear to be inexhaustible, and we shall look forward to another instalment when Mr. Lessing has collected the material for a second volume.

"The Jacket." Stories of reincarnations are not, of course, a novelty, and Mr. Jack London's "star-rover" is close kin to the wonderful clerk in Kipling, who saw the finest story in the world when the veil was lifted from his far-off former life. Where "The Jacket" (Mills and Boon) is impressive, and all too painfully realistic, is in its picture of a convict in a Californian State prison. Here, we are asked to believe, men are tortured and tyrannised, year in, year out, by the Warden and his myrmidons, who seem to have nothing to learn in cruelty from the artists of the Inquisition. We doubt if a more terrible description of prison life has been closer packed between the covers of a novel since "For the Term of His Natural Life." If, as we gather, Mr. London is the novelist with a purpose, the terrific mass of misery almost overweighs his good intention. It is not for us to say these things have not been, and cannot be; but some of the great Russian realists' method would have raised "The Jacket" to a nobler level. The truth would appear to be that Jack London is a novelist, and not a pioneer of revolution as Dostoevsky was. This is satisfactory to the reader, for it enables him, though hardly, to endure the horrors of "The Jacket." The account of the Mountain Meadow massacre, in one of the reincarnations, makes a vigorous chapter.

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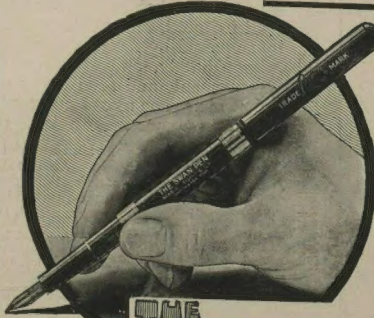
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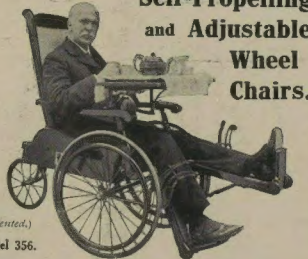


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